



THE

# Tatler

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& Bystander 2s. weekly 31 Aug. 1960

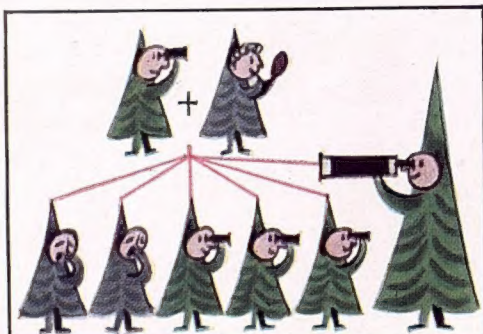
AUTUMN  
IN  
PARIS







## Nature Watching in SCHWEPPSHIRE



SCHWENDEL'S LAW. By the curious operation of Schwendelian genetics, it has been proved that if a Medium Keen Watcher is mated with an Unkeen Watcher, the offspring of the two heterozygotes is invariably 2 Unkeens, 3 Medium Keens, and 1 Very Keen Indeed—i.e.  $U \times MK = 2U3MK1VKI$ .

NO. 6 WATCHER WATCHING. There is an increasing tendency among watchers who have watched all there is to be watched to watch watchers. Studies have been made of their habitat, particularly of the "kraal group" which tends to build backless huts. These "hides", though vulnerable from behind seem to be used to protect the observer from the thing observed. The groups may be familial in origin, for the Chief Watcher, or leader, usually identified by the possession of the largest field glasses (but also, curiously, the smallest camera) is sometimes joined by Immatures, guided by some unexplained migration sense. A motive seems to be the desire for food, which often consists of bananas or some glutinous material very similar to our sandwiches. These are often wrapped in a caul-like substance resembling cellophane. After the meal this curious wrapping, together with the skin of the banana, is thrust under a bush in the primitive belief, no doubt, that new bananas or sandwiches will spring from the "seed" or "bulb" thus planted.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

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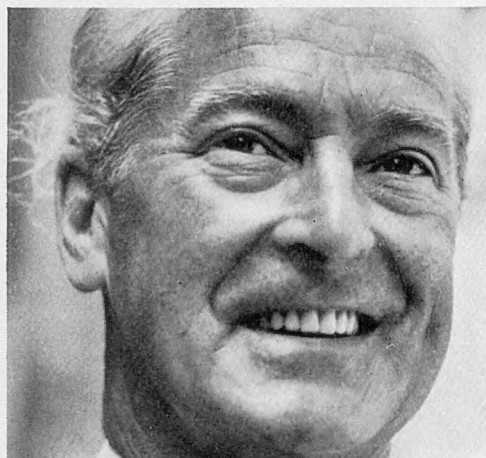
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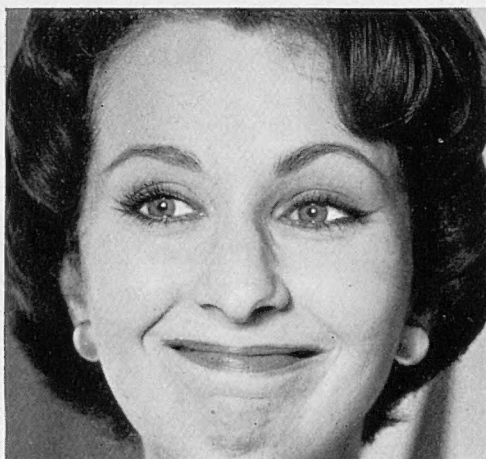
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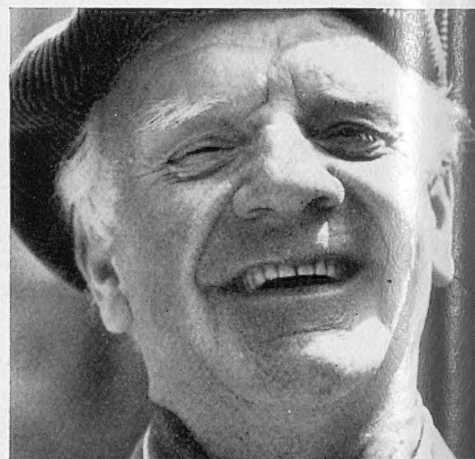
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# THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXXXVII Number 3079

31 AUGUST 1960

## IT'S A BI-SEXUAL WORLD . . .



From Paris, a black patent leather hat made by Svend, inspired by a Spanish matador's hat. It is being made in England by Madame Vernier, George Street, W.1. COVER photographed by Alfredo de Molli. For a review of the autumn Collections in Paris, turn to page 395

WITH women doing men's jobs and men paying the surtax for them, it's becoming a bi-sexual world. Take the Olympics. In classical Greek days women weren't even allowed to watch them; today they go in for them and attract as much attention as the men. But Jeanne Sakol suggests that the events themselves could be a bit more relevant to modern living, in *Why not a contemporariad Olympiad?* (page 379). . . . Then there is the world of fashion. The Paris fashions (for women) are of course all designed by men and the latest Collections are reviewed in *Autumn in Paris* (page 395 onwards). But suddenly men are pluming themselves. They seem to be entering one of their rare periods of radical change in costume, and *Man's World* is launched this week (page 413) to report this trend. Johnathon Radcliffe begins by looking at what's happening to hats. . . . Continuing the sex-change theme there's a woman Prime Minister in Ceylon now (see *History in a picture*, page 388), and as for the oyster, which comes in with an "R" in the month tomorrow, his sexual position is so complicated that the best thing is to let Hector Bolitho explain it. He contributes *The hard world of the oyster* (page 385), which draws on material he has long collected for a book, now due out on 21 September.

Another author with a book coming out in late September is Mr. Auberon Waugh, who is publishing his first novel, heralded by his father as better than anything he wrote at that age. Mr. Evelyn Waugh's new book on Africa is also coming out in the autumn, which puts the family squarely into the news and prompts the publication of *Waugh and peace* (page 391 onwards), a set of photographs by Mark Gerson of the Waughes away from it all in their Somerset home. . . . Also in this issue: Lord Kilbracken's fascinating account of his hobby of collecting historic documents, *It's so tempting to turn forger* (page 394), and Claud Cockburn's riotous reflections on Ireland's licensing reform, *Time for a drink* (page 390). . . .

Next week: The New English schoolgirl. . . .

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## SOCIAL

**Edinburgh Festival**, until 10 September.

**Ham Polo Club Grand Barbecue**, Ham House, 3 September. Tickets: 17s. 6d. from H. Forbes, 48 Royal Avenue, S.W.3.

**Olympic Games Equestrian Events**, Rome, 5-11 September.

**Royal Highland Gathering**, Braemar, Aberdeenshire, 8 September.

**Junior Dinner-Dance**, Hyde Park Hotel, 13 September, in aid of Invalid Children's Aid Association. Tickets: 2 gns. from I.C.A.A., 4 Palace Gate, W.8 (KNI 8222).

**Joyce Grenfell** (monologues & songs),



CRISPIAN WOODGATE  
DAME JUDITH ANDERSON, the Australian actress, as Mme. Arkadin in the revival of *The Seagull*, which has its first night at the Old Vic tomorrow



## GOING PLACES TO EAT

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

**The Canberra**, 7 Beauchamp Place. (KEN 4109.) Open every day except Mondays 6.30-11 p.m. Probably the only restaurant in the world specializing in high-quality Australian country cooking, which is as distinctive as steak and kidney pudding is English. Miss Starr Liddell is an artist in the kitchen, and the Canberra is her medium of expression. I commend Adelaide asparagus or minted pineapple first, then a Sydney steak, with a Benerembaia salad, and a splendid sweet named after Pavlova. Wines sent out for, or bring your own. W.B.

**Bentley's**, 11/15 Swallow Street,

Scala Theatre, 26 September to 1 October, "For Seven Good Reasons" (seven charities). Tickets: from 6s. to 5 gns. from the Marquésa de Casa Maury, 20 Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7 (KEN 8600).

**Benenden Ball**, Quaglino's Ballroom, 29 September. Details from Mrs. E. Dalrymple, Wycherleys, Benenden. **Dior Winter Collection Showing** and champagne supper, Scone Palace, Perth, in aid of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing. 7.30 p.m., 19 September. Tickets (4 gns.) from the Countess of Mansfield, Scone Palace.

## SPORT

**Partridge shooting** starts, 1 September.

**Racing**: St. Leger, Newmarket, 10 September.

**Cricket Festivals**: Blackpool, Hastings, to 6 September; Scarborough, to 9 September.

**Polo**: Cirencester Polo Tournament, today to 4 September; Ham House, Friar Park v. Ham (Walsh Challenge

Piccadilly. (REG 6210.) C.S. Oysters are back, and Bentley's is one of the famous names in this line of business. It is one of the four oyster houses in London where I know I shall get them in perfect condition. For those who do not like them, there are plenty of other fish dishes, admirably cooked and served, and meat as well. The lay-out of the establishment is a tribute to the good taste of its owners. W.B.

**The Mirabelle**, 56 Curzon Street, W.1. (GRO 4636.) C.S. One of the most elegant restaurants in Europe. A few months ago it was awarded the Diploma of the *Comité du Bon Gout et Prestige Français*, the first time a British restaurant has received this high honour. It would

Cup); Wilmer Cottage v. Meadowside, 4 September.

**Tennis**: Junior Championships of Great Britain, Wimbledon, 5-10 September.

**Sailing**: Burnham Week, Burnham-on-Crouch, 3-10 September.

## MUSICAL

**Covent Garden Opera**. Season by the Royal Opera, Stockholm, 7.30 p.m., to 10 September. First performances, *Aniara* (1 September), *Alcina* (5 September). (cov 1066.) **Festival Ballet**, Royal Festival Hall. First performances, *Coppélia*, 10 September, *Etudes*, 13 September. 8 p.m., matinées Weds., Sats., 2.30 p.m. To 17 September. (WAT 3191.)

**Three Choirs Festival**, Worcester Cathedral, 4-9 September.

**Promenade Concerts**, Royal Albert Hall, Mon-Sat., 7.30 p.m., to 17 September. (KEN 8212.)

## ART

**Picasso Exhibition** (retrospective), Tate Gallery, to 18 September.

be presumptuous of me to attempt to give it higher praise. W.B.

**Aperitif Grill**, 102 Jermyn Street. (WHI 1571.) C.S. This restaurant, cocktail bar and buttry, so popular with theatre-goers, is under the same management as Quaglino's. The manager, Leo Ertioni, is an outstanding figure in his profession and the Aperitif is a witness to his accumulated skill. W.B.

**The Apricot Room**, Kenya Coffee House, Caltex House, Brompton Road. (KNI 2099.) Open 9 a.m. to midnight, seven days a week. Take your own bottle. No corkage charge. One of the dishes well in the running for my private 1960 *Prix d'Honneur* is their Steak Fondue: you cook *mignons* of steak yourself over the lamp and savour them with curried and garlic mayonnaise, chili and other delights.

**Massey's Chop House**, Beauchamp Place, S.W.2. (KEN 4856.) C.S. After the war Charles Massey pioneered the return of the genuine charcoal grill to London. He is an expert with it, using highest quality meat, properly basted chickens and

Edinburgh Festival Exhibition, German Expressionists, Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh, to 17 September.

**Early American Silver & Art Treasures**, Christie's, to 25 September.

**Giambattista Tiepolo** (drawings & etchings), Victoria & Albert Museum, to 1 October.

## EXHIBITION

**National Radio & Television Exhibition**, Earls Court, to 3 September.

## FAIR

**Kensington Antiques Fair**, Kensington Town Hall, to 8 September.

## FESTIVAL

**Pendley Shakespeare Festival**, Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts, to 3 September.

## FIRST NIGHTS

**Old Vic**. *The Seagull*, 1 September. **Lyric, Hammersmith**. *Next Time Yes*, 5 September.

**Piccadilly Theatre**. *Compagnie Roger Planchon*, 6 September.

## THEATRE

*From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 407.*

**Tomorrow With Pictures!** "... an exhibition of sheer power... spent on a somewhat hollow theme... recommendable entertainment." Irene Dailey, James Patterson. (Duke of York's Theatre, TEM 5122.)

## CINEMA

*From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 408.*

**Psycho**. "... Mr. Alfred Hitchcock is notoriously a practical joker... I can't help feeling he has pulled off another of his spoofs." Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles, John Gavin, Janet Leigh. (Plaza, WHI 8944.)

fish, like salmon, that lend themselves to grilling. I can also give high praise to his *pâté maison*. The wines, especially the claret, are carefully chosen. W.B.

## On the Channel road

**Wisborough Green, The Three Crowns**. Should you want to show a friend from overseas an unspoilt English pub set in lovely country, bring them to this Sussex example. No meals are served but the sandwiches cut to order are excellent, and the beer well kept. The friendliness of the staff matches the fine old house. It lies on the best route from Hampshire to the Channel ports and airfields.

**Fordwich, George and Dragon**. (Tel. Sturry 209.) Three miles from Canterbury and two minutes off the Margate road, this is one of the diminishing number of Kent's unspoilt villages. The George and Dragon is a traditional 15th/16th-century wooden building. The food is well above the average for a small country inn, the service pleasant and the beer well kept. W.B. weekends.





## GOING PLACES LATE

*Douglas*

*Sutherland*

A CLUB VENTURE WHICH HAS GOT away to a good start is the Satire Club in Duke of York Street off St. James's Square. It has recently been bought by a new partnership in club business, Confrey Phillips and Alastair Greig. Mr. Phillips is, of course, the well-known dance band leader, and Mr. Greig scarcely less well known as the epicurean landlord of the famous Guinea Pub in Bruton Mews (he also runs the Anglesea and the Buckingham). Fittingly, the menu at the Satire Club is an excellent one and probably justifies their claim to have the best dressed clientele in London. Food in London's night clubs is by no means uniformly good and varies extravagantly in price. At the Satire you can get an excellent meal, including their speciality first-class steak, for a little over £1. The wine list, too, is uncomplicated and reasonable, with the exception of the champagnes; 90s. to £5 is too much. I know that the same sort of prices are charged elsewhere but it is surely true that some of the more intelligent managements realized that not all millionaires want to drink champagne.

Memberships of the Satire is four guineas a year with the usual £1 cover charge which includes cabaret and breakfast after 3.30 a.m. Altogether a worthwhile club to belong to, and already discovered by Princess Alexandra, Henrietta Tiarks, Viscount Hambleden and his sister the Hon. Katharine Smith. Another comparative newcomer to the growing list of London night clubs is the Black Sheep in White-

horse Street just off Piccadilly. Here the décor verges on the macabre. Black fleeces adorn the walls and at the end of the room a glassy-eyed, faintly aristocratic-looking black sheep (stuffed) surveys the scene with an I've-seen-it-all-before expression which can be unnerving. By contrast, vivacious 29-year-old Pat Steele must surely be the most attractive night-club owner in London.

The Black Sheep starts this month (September) with a new cabaret featuring Joseph Reinhardt, the gypsy guitarist. This club is a favourite with actors like Richard Todd and the younger socialites—Princess Alexandra has been here, too. Price attraction is a 10s. 6d. cover charge and two-guinea membership.

Big discovery for this week is a Swiss dish which I have been unable to find anywhere else in London. It is served at Hélène Cordet's club, the Maison de France, in Hamilton Place, Park Lane, and is called *Fondue de Boeuf Bourguignon*. Diners are invited to cook their own meat in special Swiss copper pans brought to the table. Whether it is pride in personal achievement or the sauce cooked on a strictly non-do-it-yourself basis by the chef, I do not know, but the result is delicious. Incidentally, the set dinner at Hélène Cordet's is 30s. a head with an extra £1 for a full bottle of carafe wine. Not unreasonable for one of London's plushier clubs.

Forcellini, the excellent restaurant manager at Cordet's who used to be at the old Café de Paris, gave me bad news of Miss Cordet, to whose children Prince Philip is godfather. She is recuperating abroad from another bout of pneumonia and the doctors have said that she must never sing again professionally. Regretfully, but wisely, she is taking their advice.

*Hélène Cordet—no more singing for her but she'll continue to run her restaurant, the Maison de France*



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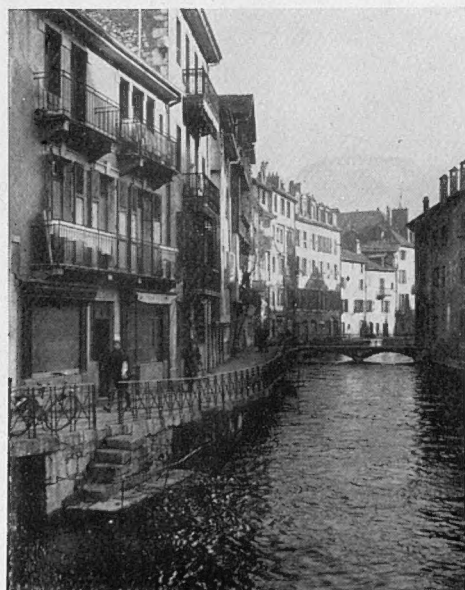


## GOING PLACES ABROAD

Doone Beal

### Haunts in the Haute Savoie

Annecy on the lake, chief town of the Haute Savoie, is a thousand years old. Much of its charm lies in the narrow streets and canals and old market place



PHOTOS: J. ALLAN CASH



IN summer the lakeside resorts around Annecy and Le Bourget are to tourists what the nearby mountain resorts of Chamonix, Meribele and Courchevelle are to winter sports enthusiasts. September, or early October, is probably a good time to enjoy the best of both worlds, without the crowds—mountain air if you feel like it, but weather still warm enough to eat outdoors and sail (if not swim). And a time, too, when the little vineyards and villages are *en fête* for the vintage.

The hotels, with the French family holidays over, are glad to see you, and one is spared a conspicuously uncivilized aspect of their way of life whereby exhausted tots, kept up late for dinner, contrive to tumble over or into every sharp surface in sight, with accompanying roars of rage and tears.

If you want a degree of urban life complete with plenty of shops, cafés and casino, then either Aix les Bains or Annecy is a good bet. Aix is a comfortable little town, built for relaxation and pleasure, and its pink and white wedding-cake of a casino has been newly—and elegantly—decorated. From the port of Aix, on the shores of Lac du Bourget, one can fish or hire a sailing dinghy or a pedalau. There are several good restaurants in this little port: especially Lille, with a Michelin star for food, and a huge, hospitable log fire and spit. For lunching outdoors the Davat, just behind it, is extremely reasonable by current French standards, with a good three-course menu at 6.50 new francs (10s.). One of the nicest things to order there are *palets prinsky* (little balls of cheese goo, deep fried in breadcrumbs).

On the opposite shore of the lake, near the town of Bourget, there is the Ombremont, another starred hotel at which to stay or dine. It has been converted from a private mansion, with a cypress-planted garden and heavenly flower-slung balconies over the lake, looking across to Aix and the mountains.

In search of a retreat, try Brisons, a tiny hamlet on Lac du Bourget, with only a couple of *pensions* and a few cottages. Both of these are cheap and the food—as well as the wine—is local, by which I mean literally grown on the premises. But do not expect *luxe* or private bathrooms.

Le Bourget is less well known to tourists than Annecy; it is rather more austere, less obviously picturesque. Yet the town of Annecy itself is by no means limited to its resort life, in spite of its casino. Its charm is in what lies behind the lakeside façade—the narrow streets,

each with its original merchants' insignia over the doorway, a pretty centuries-old market place and swans in the sage green moats which flow under little foot-bridges. In the town you'll still find hotels open when some smaller lakeside ones close, usually early in October.

In terms of resorts, perhaps the most attractive of all is Talloires, on the eastern shore of the lake. This boasts one of the 11 three-star restaurants in the whole of France, the Auberge du Père Bise. Its location, on the wooded shore, matches the food. Ombre, a lake fish rather like salmon trout, is the local speciality, and another dish of the house is *poularde à l'estragon*. I am interested to note that the Guide Michelin counsels its readers to book ahead for these super three-star restaurants: not only because of possible lack of space, but also to give the chef time to do his best for you. Which, since you are paying for it, you might just as well have.

The Abbaye at Talloires is rather a special hotel. It has been converted from an 11th-century monastery, with some magnificent old bedrooms (clearly erstwhile reception rooms, *not* cells), some facing on to the cloisters, others the lake. Talloires is altogether a festive little corner, with lots of small sailing craft, water skiing, swimming from rafts erected along the shore and a fleet of pedaloux.

Another hotel I liked was the Ermitage at Veyrier. It is more a restaurant with a few bedrooms than a conventional hotel, but has excellent food and one of the prettiest locations, with terraces leading down to its own beach. Like the Abbaye, it closes in September.

This whole area is a good base for side-trips: Grenoble, Geneva, and Lyons; nor is one too far from the Burgundy country around Macon. Many people ask whether it is possible to see something of the vintage. It is, of course, no longer anything so primitive and poetic as treading grapes but nevertheless extremely interesting. Some of the big wine shippers, such as Gibbeys, welcome interested visitors at this time and will arrange to have you shown round.

Both B.E.A. and Swissair operate daily flights to Geneva—the nearest airport. You can hire a car from either, or arm yourself with an International Charge Card from Hertz Rent A Car, 243 Knightsbridge, S.W.7 (Sloane 3456), which is valid anywhere in the world. No deposit is required and you receive a bill in London the following month. I was pleasantly surprised with what speed and efficiency this system works.



# Weddings

**Gilmour—Bloomer:** Judith, daughter of the late Mr. J. M. Gilmour, and of Mrs. Gilmour, of Chapelton, Borgue, Kirkcudbright, married Dr. A. C. S. (Mike) Bloomer, younger son of Mr. & Mrs. H. S. Bloomer, of Great Coates, Grimsby, at St. Luke's, Chelsea



**Hinds Howell—Cape:** Sarah Anne, younger daughter of Mr. C. R. Hinds Howell, of Ennismore Gardens, S.W.7, and the late Mrs. Mary Tegner, married Major David Jonathan Cape, Life Guards, elder son of the late Mr. Jonathan Cape, and of the late Mrs. O. V. Cape, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

**Burgess—Staughton:** Joanna, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. F. A. Burgess, of Apple Tree House, The Vale, Chelsea, S.W.3, married Christopher, younger son of Mr. Simon Staughton, of Cadogan Gate, S.W.1, and of Mrs. Somers-Cox, of Borrowdale, Southern Rhodesia, at Chelsea Old Church

# Engagements

YEVONDE



**Miss Daphne Fairbanks to Mr. Nigel David Weston.** She is the eldest daughter of Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, K.B.E. (hon.), D.S.C., & Mrs. Fairbanks, of The Boltons, London, S.W.10. He is the eldest son of Mr. W. G. Weston, C.M.G., and of Mrs. Joan Weston

VANDYK



**Miss Jill Madeleine Pettigrew to Lt. Hugh Louis Russell Rump, R.N.** She is the daughter of Major & Mrs. G. I. Pettigrew, of Ferring Grange, Sussex. He is the only son of Capt. R. H. Rump, R.N. (retd.) & Mrs. Rump, of the Hurlingham Club, Fulham, S.W.6



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Rome is proving, after another four-year interval, that there is something compelling about the Olympic Games, starting from the moment the flame begins its journey by relay-runner—a totally unhistorical incident dating only from 1936. There is the Wimbledon-like atmosphere of amateurism, many competitors having deliberately postponed turning professional (and no one knows just how amateur or professional the Iron Curtain contingent may be). There are the selection squabbles that always precede the start . . . the solemn warnings to adult athletes not to stay up too late or be seen escorting athletes of the opposite sex . . . the capricious schedule of events (canoeing, but no table tennis or lacrosse) . . . and the intense national rivalries, reflecting power politics far more accurately than the sporting ideal of the Games. Yet, with all this, the contests always turn out to be riveting. Something primal is stirred by the trials of unaided strength and speed that fill the arenas. So this week all eyes are turned to Rome, and for once it isn't *la dolce vita* that they're focusing on.

## Irresistible Olympics



A rash of modernistic architecture is an accepted accompaniment to an Olympics and Rome has seized the opportunity for slum clearance, erecting an ambitious Olympic Village that will later be used for rehousing. The Marble Stadium (above) dates from the Mussolini era, and the Flaminio (below), entirely new, seats 55,000. The Sports Palace, centre of the Games, has this tortured sculpture by Greco outside it. Left: President Gronchi of Italy inaugurated the Olympic Committee's session







A prayer to Zeus at Olympia, Greece, launched the Olympic flame on its way to Rome. Opposite, top: Arrival of the British contingent at the flag-raising ceremony in the Olympic Village



Demonstrating the Olympic Grand Prix de Dressage routine: Mrs. V. D. S. Williams, Britain's representative in the event (and oldest member of the team). She was making her last appearance in England before the Olympics, at the South-Western Dressage Group's championships at Blandford

VAN HALLAN

## Why not a CONTEMPORAR

LIVING in the muscular shadow of the XVII Summer Olympics provokes some sober thought about the significance of the Games in terms of the Contemporary Struggle. As I get it, the original idea was to glorify physical prowess in skills that were not only gratifying to achieve and fun to watch but downright vital to survival in the Ancient Struggle. In the clashes of classical wars as well as the aggressions of peace, you simply had to hurl that javelin, hurtle over that hurdle and run like Hades if you wanted to enjoy your old age.

Today's warfare has moved beyond the mere physical and, though our society is aggressive, coping with it requires more subtle skills. While I like nothing better than watching muscular men with muscular thighs proving their musculinity and I would hate for them to stop, let's face it: standards have changed and the

Olympians have not kept pace. The question niggles, "How would they make out in the Contemporary Struggle?"

Here then, is my suggested schedule for a CONTEMPORARIAD OLYMPIAD based on the physical and emotional dexterity required for mid-20th-century survival. Anyone can compete. If you don't win on points, it helps to have money.

### TORCH BEARING

*Skills required:* Quick stiffening of upper lip, slow quivering of lower lip, spasmodic twitching of eyelids.

Separate divisions for men, women and teenagers, entrants judged on Brightness of Flame, Deepness of Burn, Length of Time Held Aloft.

Special Dexterity Award for carrying two torches simultaneously.

### BUFFETING

*Skills required:* Bar-flying, Table-hopping, Crafty hovering.

Events include straight-arming through crowd to the bar, strong-arming waiter for refill, non-spill 100-yard slalom (foot) around stationary bastions while juggling full plates.

The under-handed javelin thrust requires entrants to spear prawns at 20 paces without interrupting conversation. Extra points for dipping prawn in sauce without losing balance or prawn. Weather permitting, chocolate eclairs may be substituted.

### BARGAIN HUNT

*Skills required:* Keen sight; Sharp elbows.

Ladies' Heat includes the Girdle Hurdle for leaping over obstacles such as prone bodies of careless hunters fallen in the scramble for a





# AD OLYMPIAD

*after all, putting the shot isn't exactly relevant, is it?*

Dior markdown. The Bent-Doubles or Standing Stiletto Start is a test of co-ordinated diversion, one competitor ramming her stiletto heel hard on the toehold of her neighbour while simultaneously shouting, "I'm next!"

Separate Intimidation Award for successful return of bargains clearly marked "May Not Be Returned."

**MIXED WRESTLING** (& associated tests of strength)

*Skills required:* Tactile resistance and tactical insistence, with overtones of primitive cunning.

First event is the Soho Hold, which begins with holding on to your wallet and your escort and concludes with holding down your assailant while shouting for the gendarmes. Second stance is the Chelsea Free-For-All or Coffee Bar Upper Cut-Up which consists of running the

gauntlet from street to table without nicking your knee on a wiry chair or bruising your hands by sharp contact with chin bristles.

Bentley Back-Seat Manoeuvres (Mixed Singles) is an increasingly popular contest, needs no referee, since opponents know the rules. Wit, wisdom and will are what counts.

Inhuman Wrestling, man against the inanimate. Tube and lift-gate forcing (especially under stimulus of last train). Jar wrenching. Ice-tray loosening. Point loss for cursing.

## RUNNING BUS JUMP

*Skills required:* Nerve, verve and the ability to swerve.

There are two categories. From a standing start at the back of the queue; from a running start through rush-hour traffic. Note: the bus must be moving to qualify.

## DISC-THROW

*Skills required:* A good ear; a flip wrist; plenty of backbone.

Categories: 78, 45, 33½ RPM.

Dises may be thrown free-style across a crowded room, Googly, or with intent to break such as early Geraldos. Disc-slipping disqualified.

## SOCIAL SWIM

*Skills required:* Surface calm plus the knack of coming out of a dive still kicking.

Trials include the Pub Crawl (town and cross-country) with emphasis on keeping one's head above Scotch and water; the Keeping Abreast Stroke (Free-Style), with emphasis on the Mediterranean rumour; and Boat-Rocking, a perspective test for judging when to stand up, rock the boat and swim clear of the debris.

## FENCING

*Skills required:* Lungitude and Latitude.

Spirited competitiveness encouraged in plot foiling, double-crossing, and the epee-grams of verbal parry-and-thrust.

Honourable Mentions for Fence-Mending and Fence-Sitting, American style, which calls for the ability to stand both sides of the fence simultaneously.

## MODERN MARATHON

*Skills required:* Good intentions.

Keeping five business appointments in five different parts of town in one day.

Taking three children to one zoo.

## OBSTACLE COURSE

*Skills required:* Knowing not to zig when you should zag.

Taxi-grabbing in the rain (points lost for causing traffic snarl).

Carrying own valises at Paddington Station without getting run down by luggage trolleys.

## EVENTS UNDER CONSIDERATION

Applying to the Contemporariad Olympiad for future inclusion are: *Brow-beating, Penny-pinching, Name-dropping, Narksmanship.*

*Jeanne Sakol*



MURIEL BOWEN *reports*Golf  
at

## Gleneagles &amp; other Scots diversions

Mr. James Pearson lifting the ball well from the rough on King's, one of the three 18-hole courses



GROUSE-SHOOTING without your gun and butt is like foxhunting without a horse—unwittingly you discover the perfect system of being always in the wrong place at the wrong time. From Gleneagles Hotel, centre for sporting expeditions, I drove to the Glenalmond estate of Lord Rootes to savour the sporting side of the Scottish season. Having negotiated a mountain stream (a touch-and-go operation in the wrong shoes and skirt) I joined Lord Rootes's head beater. Crouching in the heather on my tummy, a sharp drop behind, I could see the army of beaters advancing down the mountain more than a mile away.

The birds began to fly over. Shooting started. "It's not very safe here," said the head beater. "Some of the gentlemen may fire down this way." That seemed to me to be improbable as the head beater was clearly visible because of his green-and-white flag. But he knew the gentlemen better than I did. Suddenly two nozzles were pointing straight at us. Rat-tat-tat went the guns, a cloud of smoke and then a pellet snaked through the grass a few yards away. "Duck!" called the head beater. I was already sliding backwards down the hillock, and after a few seconds my nylons ceased to exist.

Lord Rootes waved his arms sideways, guns were laid against the butts and the dogs plunged into the heather to retrieve the fallen birds. Large, expansive and jolly, Lord Rootes seems to dwarf a moor by his presence. How does he keep fit, I wondered. "I don't," he told me. "London office, America, South of France, London office—how can I? Takes an old buster who lives up here all the time to keep fit."

His guns this particular day were: Major James Drummond-Moray, Mr. Billy Drummond-Moray, the Hon. Brian Rootes, Lieut. Col. Berowald Innes and his son Colin, and Mr. Norman Salvesen. Major Drummond-Moray, who brought glamour to the moor with his kilt, told me that he had rented some of his moors to Lord & Lady Allerton, who are staying at Amulree. "They've been having a very good time, so I hear," said the Major. "I thought I'd kept the best moors for myself, but I can't find a damn thing to shoot."

The beaters were starting to move forward again, and the guns took up their positions. I sat in the opening to Lord Rootes's butt. "Don't worry if I've got to shoot over your head," he cautioned as I settled down on the wet grass. Rugged stuff, this shooting. It potted with rain

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOM JUSTLER

Marchioness Townshend (putting), Sir Gervais Tennyson-D'Eyncourt, Bt., & Col. Frank Douglas











## Golf at Gleneagles CONTINUED

*Mr. Hervey Stuart Black on the Queen's first tee. Watching are his daughter Sophie and Cmdr. E. Phillips*



*Col. Stanley Clarke, who organizes the Motor Show*



*Viscount & Viscountess Mackintosh of Halifax*



fishing is Gleneagles, plenty of people were staying at the hotel. **Sir Hendrie Oakshott, M.P., & Lady Oakshott** were there for a few days, playing golf with the Government Chief Whip **Mr. Martin Redmayne & Mrs. Redmayne**, before going on to Inverness for some shooting. **Sir Harry & Lady Methven** came on from Loch Moran after a visit to their grandchildren. "They've rented an old railway carriage that's been fitted out as a caravan from British Railways," Sir Harry told me. "Marvellous value—costs about £12 for a fortnight I believe."

Still more at Gleneagles were **Sir Nicholas & Lady Cayzer**, the **Hon. Mrs. Rose, Lt.-Col. the Hon. Thomas Morgan-Grenville & Mrs. Morgan-Grenville**, the **Hon. Christopher Chetwode**, **Lady Juliet Smith**, **Marchioness Townshend**, who was playing golf, and that great traveller, **Lady (McKenzie) Wood**, whom I always meet whenever I arrive anywhere in the height of the prevailing season. "I wasn't going to come to Scotland this year," she told me, "but in the end I couldn't resist it. Gleneagles is the best hotel in Europe."

**Count & Countess de Breteuil** were there (their first visit to Scotland for a long time), and **Mr. William & the Hon. Mrs. Macaulay**, **Mr. & Mrs. R. Graham Bailey**, **Mr. & Mrs. Norman Collins** (he's an avid bird-watcher), and **Mr. Richard Wilkins**, a jobber on the Stock Exchange, who commuted between Gleneagles—using the new aerodrome at Scone—and the motor racing at Goodwood, in his private plane.

There was no more colourful visitor, though,



TOM HUSTLER



## LORD ROOTES'S SHOOT

On his Glenalmond estate for the grouse-shooting with Lord Rootes were Lt.-Col. Berowald Innes (left), once C.O. of the 1st Battalion, Black Watch, the Hon. Brian Rootes, who is Lord Rootes's younger son (opposite, with his dog), and Major James Drummond-Moray (right), who owns the adjacent shoot. Lord Rootes himself, who is a left-handed shot, was in cracking form. The photograph below (taken, Tom Hustler reports, under war correspondent conditions) shows him sighting a grouse through the smoke. His loader is beside him and his dog, Danny, is already looking alive to the falling birds. The eight guns bagged about 40 brace during this one drive



than that splendid figure, the 82-year-old Sultan of Zibar. Quite a rival to the kilted Scots, too, in his flowing robes. The Sultan neither shoots nor plays golf, but the seriousness with which he is taken in Scotland did not escape his sense of humour. With the Sultan were the Sultana and Princess Amal, whose great interest in Gleneagles was the opportunity it afforded her of taking jive lessons from Miss Landa Wells.

An atmosphere so luxurious and grand as Gleneagles is not without its human moments. I met the Hon. Lady Gamage in evening dress mounting the main staircase, two plates pressed between her hands. "Just one dog's dinner," she explained.

## BALL AT BLAIR CASTLE

Gayest occasion of the past week was the ball of the Scottish Horse at turreted and flood-lit Blair Castle. Guests walked through corridors of antlers and shining swords, then through the Larch Passage to supper in the Treasure Rooms. It was an occasion much looked-forward-to in the Highlands, though the host, the Duke of Atholl, must have wondered if he would ever get there. His car broke down at Kinross and, having hitch-hiked to Perth, he eventually got to Blair Castle three hours late.

The Hon. Rodney & Mrs. Berry were there. She was wearing an attractive ruby necklace ("a present from my husband when I had my appendix out three weeks ago"). They brought

their house party from Dalnamein Lodge where they had a supper party before going on to the ball.

Others dancing in the great oak hall, hung with heirlooms, were: Lt.-Col. N. G. Mathewson, Major T. P. Stewart, Lord & Lady Hemphill (over from Ireland for some shooting with the Berrys), and Miss Joanna Hare, daughter of the new Minister of Labour, the Hon. John Hare.

Still more were Mr. & Mrs. Andrew Dixon, Mr. Euan McCorquodale, Major & Mrs. W. G. Gordon, Lt.-Col. Robert Campbell-Preston & the Hon. Mrs. Campbell-Preston, and Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch.

As I left in the early hours the party was still going with great verve (pictures overleaf).

## BRIGGS by Graham





# The Scottish Horse ball *at Blair Castle*



*Blair Castle was floodlit for the evening. It is the home of the Duchess of Atholl and her kinsman the Duke, though he is mostly in London*



*Mr. & Mrs. Robert Lea and (centre) the Hon. Mrs. Rodney Berry*



*Lord Hemphill, Miss Joanna Hare (daughter of the Minister of Labour, the Hon. John Hare) and Lt-Col. & the Hon. Mrs. Campbell-Preston*



*Capt. & Mrs. Jimmy Bell and Mr. & Mrs. Ian Macrae in antlered corridor*



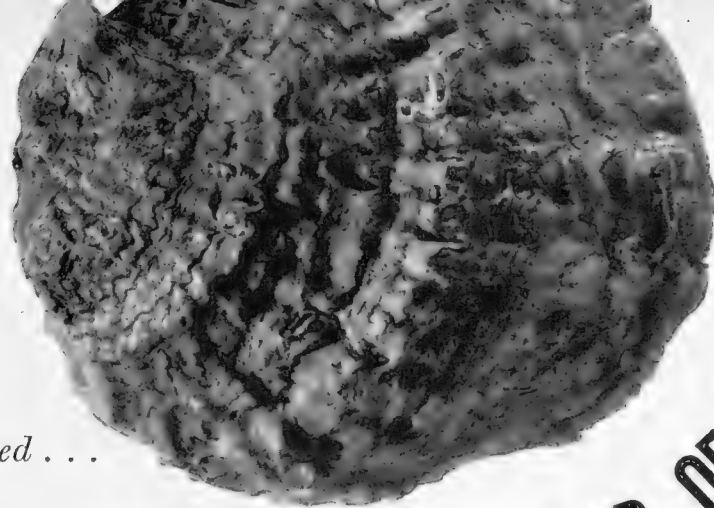
*There was a full-scale turn-out in the ballroom for the Hamilton House reel*

*Right: Recumbent trophy in the entrance hall is admired by Mr. & Mrs. Tom King and the Hon. George Norrie*



*Mr. Colin Gibb, Mrs. P. Wilson and Major & Mrs. Neil Wimberley*





THE OYSTER

## THE HARD WORLD OF THE OYSTER

*either eaten or purposely irritated . . .*



*b. Hector  
B. L. L. L.*

**S**EPTEMBER comes: the gourmet leans over his first oyster, lifts it quickly while it is still alive, bites it to death, savours it, and swallows it with a flash of delight in his eyes. Then he raises the deep shell and drinks the liquor which, according to legend if not science, is a lively aphrodisiac. (Classicists will remember that Apuleius, author of *The Golden Ass*, who was born about 125 A.D., was accused of making a love philtre of oysters, to seduce Aemilia Pudentilla, the rich widow he married in Tripoli.) Feasts are held in Galway, Colchester and Cornwall, to celebrate the beginning of the oyster season, and those who can afford them live through eight months of greed that end when there is no longer an "R" in the month—with the coming of May, when the oysters are allowed to rest, and breed, in peace.

Huxley described the oyster as being "greatly more complicated than a watch." Any psychoanalyst who becomes bored might turn to oysters and find them much more complicated than human beings. Their sex life alone would set Dr. Kinsey thinking. American oysters are born bisexual and continue in this ambiguous condition until the second spawning, when they suddenly have to make up their minds to become male or female, which they remain to the end. Portuguese oysters are more conventional in appearance: they are born male or female, and never alter; but English oysters cannot decide which way to turn, and flit from male to female and back again all their lives.

This timid indecision on the part of English oysters has apparent advantages: they have been acknowledged, for more than 2,000 years, as the best in the world. The Romans in Britain sent oysters all the way home, gift-wrapped in sacks of close-packed snow. They liked best those from Richborough, near Whitstable, and they named them Rutupians.

After this long journey, from the coast of Kent to the banks of the Tiber, the oysters were stored in a deep-freeze. Archaeologists, working in 1914 on the pre-Christian settlement in Carinthia, discovered one of these, cut into a shaded rock wall. First was a cave about ten feet square, with a clay floor and whitewashed walls. From this a wooden staircase led into a deeper rock cellar with a floor of snow, trampled into the solidity of ice. In the centre of this, going still deeper, was the actual "ice-box," lined with larch wood and fitted with a lid and a strainer. "Contact refrigeration" was provided by ice-cold spring water that flowed underneath. Here the English oysters waited, alive, until they were needed for the feasts. And the feasts were amazing.

There is a record of Sergius Orata, who founded the famous beds near Naples, from which the oysters were served to his guests in thousands. We read:

"Satiated, but not satisfied, these gourmets were in the habit of going into an adjoining room where they relieved the stomach of its load by artificial means, and then returned to indulge again their appetite with a fresh supply of oysters . . . this custom was universal among the wealthy of Imperial Rome, Cæsar himself often indulging in it . . . and ladies, the *crème de la crème* of that luxurious period, carried about with them peacocks' feathers and other dainty throat-ticklers for the purpose. . . ."

For the tough Roman legionnaires in Britain, oysters were as common as our fish and chips. As recently as November, 1951, Mr. Charles Green, the well-known archaeologist, was excavating the site of a Roman town at Caister-on-Sea, in Norfolk, and came upon refuse heaps which proved that the Romans ate beef and oysters there as early as 200 A.D. He found a "hostel, or seamen's boarding house," and outside, a pile of bones and oyster shells. His

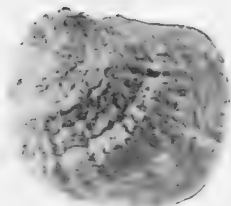


*(by Messrs.  
Mikimoto)*



A tiny rounded shell-chip is slipped inside the oyster (left) which was gathered as larvae by women divers (above) three years before





continued

assistants began to count the shells, but when they came to 10,000 they gave up.

I have kept a file marked "Oysters" for more than 30 years. The most remarkable story I have followed during this time has been of the oyster war between Virginia and Maryland, which began in 1785 and still goes on. "War" is not an extravagant description of this strange, armed feud. It all began because Maryland, having no access to the sea, had to pay tolls to Virginia for being allowed to cross Chesapeake Bay. But the Marylanders, who owned the Potomac River, with the rock bed that was—and still is—a perfect breeding-ground for oysters, retaliated by forbidding the Virginians from sailing up and fishing in their river. The first shots in this, the oldest war in the world, were fired 175 years ago, and the fighting has continued ever since.

When I was in Washington in November, 1947, I read in a newspaper: ". . . already the sound of rifle fire has echoed across the Potomac River this year. Only 50 miles from Washington men are shooting at one another. The night is quiet until suddenly shots snap through the air. The dark sky is ripped by a spotlight which drops down to jab at the water. . . . Possibly a man is dead, perhaps a boat is taken, but the oyster war will go on the next night and the next. . . ."

At the time the oyster fishermen were buying powerful marine engines from war surplus, so that they could evade the State patrol craft, and continue their old battle. Only last year a friend in Washington wrote that, "the father of three small children, who lived in Westmoreland, Virginia, was killed shortly after sunrise . . . by one of several shots fired from a Maryland oyster-patrol boat." The *Richmond Times-Dispatch* pleaded, "Stop these senseless killings."

Despite the passions it arouses, the oyster remains the



THE "WHISTLING OYSTER."

The Whistling Oyster: a Victorian print recording an incident that might surprise Khrushchev who was so scornful about shrimps

most tranquil of animals. He (or she?) just lies on the sea bed, guzzling about 160 quarts of water a day, and absorbing food as the water flows through. It is because of this laziness that they never build any muscle tissue in their bodies and are therefore always tender. But once ashore, the oyster often becomes a true eccentric—especially if he is English. There is the story of the whistling oyster that set London talking in the year 1840—and it is historically attested. On the south side of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, there was a narrow court named Vinegar Yard. Here was an oyster and refreshment room, frequented by artists and writers. One day, according to the *Daily Telegraph*, the owner "heard a strange and unusual sound proceeding from one of the tubs." He listened, "hardly at first believing his ears. . . . One of the oysters was distinctly whistling . . . in a very few minutes he was triumphantly picked out from amongst his fellows, and put by himself in a spacious tub, with a bountiful supply of brine and meal."

The news spread and visitors flocked to the shop, to hear the "phenomenal bivalve." Thackeray was among the Londoners who came. The oyster died, but its fame was kept alive, for the owner of the shop named it *The Whistling Oyster*; and there is an old print, with the name on a lamp over the door, to prove it.

Though the oyster itself is lazy and tender, this is not true of its shell, which has a hinge as strong and fatal as a mousetrap. Indeed, in Carew's *History of Cornwall* we read of an oyster in the cellar of the New Inn at Ashburton which opened its shell in an unguarded moment and was pounced upon by three mice; but quickly closed again, and caught them. Carew adds, "The oyster, with the three mice dangling from its shell, was long exhibited there as a curiosity." But in lands where both oysters and monkeys are natives, the



Suspended in the sea in cages (above) the oysters convert the irritating shell-chips. Three years later (right) the pearls are extracted







Rex Whistler's drawing in honour of the occasion on which Hector Bolitho downed more than 100 oysters. Mr. Bolitho's "The Glorious Oyster" is to be published this month (Sidgwick & Jackson)

monkey often beats the oyster at his own game. Goldsmith wrote that they "go to the seaside, pick up a stone, and clap it between the opening shells of the oyster. This prevents them from closing and the monkey then eats the fish at his ease."

Adventurers like Drake and Cook usually made a quick note if on standing in a new country they found oysters. When Drake went ashore in Sierra Leone, it was remarked that there were "Limmon Trees full of fruits; also trees growing by the water with the stalks hung full of oysters. . . ." This may confuse the Englishman but I have myself eaten oysters from a branch in New Zealand. This was on the island where J. A. Froude stayed in the 1880s, when he wrote of the "cannibal banqueting hall" he found there, and also of the "graceful native Pohutukawa tree" that grew on the seashore and dipped its scarlet blossom into the water. The fruit of the tree was "the oyster, clinging to the lower boughs, and were alternately wetted and left dry by the tide."

When I went there as a boy, the cannibal hall was a ruin, but the oysters still hung from the Pohutukawas, like grey apples on the bough. At low tide, I was able to snap off a small branch, break open the oysters, and munch them on the spot.

I cannot leave this theme of oysters growing on trees without appreciating the refined habits of the Australian aborigines, before we landed there and destroyed them with plumbing and Sankey & Moody hymns. It is on record that they used to break off branches of trees on the seashore—with oysters clinging to them—and carry them on their shoulders for miles, so that they could enjoy them lolling on the slopes of the inland hills.

The only civilized men I can trace who despised oysters were that uncomfortable moralist, Seneca, who described oysters and mushrooms as "vices," and Dr. Johnson, who

compared scalloped oysters to "children's ears in sawdust." Even George Bernard Shaw, devout vegetarian that he was, wrote these lines in *Caesar & Cleopatra*:

*Caesar:* I have been in Britain—that western land of romance. . . . I went there in search of its famous pearls. The British pearl was a fable; but in searching for it I found the British oyster.

*Apollodorus:* All posterity will bless you for it.

What is pleasant to trace, all through the history of the oyster, is that gourmets have never been genteel in their devotion, and that they like to boast of their greed. William the Conqueror was delighted with English oysters; Benjamin Disraeli relished them, and Bismarck bragged that he had eaten 12 dozen at a sitting. I myself have enjoyed just over 100 in a day. The achievement began at the Colchester Feast, where I ate four dozen, and the score was completed in London that evening. Rex Whistler made a drawing of what he imagined happened to me at the end of the day—literally "under the table." But it was not true, for I was still on my toes and ready for more.

I might end on a warning note. If I have encouraged the novice into the delights of oyster eating, I hope he will scorn the Celtic belief that they go well with whisky (or whiskey). The only embellishment they need is lemon juice and red pepper, and the only drink that complements such sublime food is *black velvet*—champagne and stout, half and half. If the champions of Scotch or Irish dare argue against this, let them put one oyster in a glass and flood it with their cruel liquor. They will find, as the late H. E. Wortham wrote, that the melancholy oyster becomes "completely fossilized" before their very eyes.



Pearls are assembled, sorted (above), and strung. The outcome: a £2,000,000 business to commemorate the late Kokichi Mikimoto





## HISTORY IN A PICTURE . . .

# Something new in Prime Ministers

## BUT SOMETHING OLD IN DEMOCRACY

Hilaire Belloc wrote a satire imagining the first woman Prime Minister. Now it has happened, not quite the way he saw it, but just as improbably. Here, in an historic piece of ceremonial, the faces and the saris are Oriental but the setting is unmistakably of English derivation. The Governor-General of Ceylon, Sir Oliver Goonetilleke, wears the traditional tropic uniform of Imperial days as he presides at the ceremonial opening of the Parliament in Colombo. The Prime Minister, Mrs. S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike, makes an Oriental gesture of deference before handing to him her statement of Government policy which, in approved British constitutional fashion, he will read to the Members. Assassination removed a recent Prime Minister, Mrs. Bandaranaike's husband, but British parliamentary institutions are proving capable of surviving violence on the other side of the world, just as they have done at home. Which is more than could be said for the colonial tradition in many Oriental neighbours, where chaos and *coups d'état* have long since begun to look normal

PHOTOGRAPH: KENNETH J. SOMANADER (CAMERA PRESS)









# TIME FOR A DRINK

by Claud Cockburn

LET'S SAY this is the day you discover that, on the whole, Americans are extremely leisurely workers, hating hustle, or that a Spaniard works half the night mending the plumbing because if he doesn't do it now it will be *mañana* and that would never do. You feel what? Miffed? Misled? Disillusioned?

More often than not I get the feeling that the Irish are letting me down in just this fashion. I was brought up on all the proper books about Ireland and I judged them to be pretty whimsical folk, with a big leaning towards faery, mingled with violence and a confusion of mind absolutely fascinating to the hard-headed British. Shaw in *John Bull's Other Island* did his best to drive this notion out of all our minds, but it lingered on, like a hope and a memory. Then, when I—for reasons with which I will bore neither you nor the Income Tax authorities—established myself in Ireland I began to have doubts about the whole conception. Not a leprechaun in sight, I need hardly say, and the trains a great deal quicker, cleaner, and more provident with good food and drink than almost any you would find in Britain. Even the Income Tax people, to my sorrow and dismay, seemed apter and more generally inclined to discuss that Assessment than to analyse, as I would so much have preferred to do, a couple of stanzas of the poet Yeats.

Which is why it is like coming home to some nostalgic youth-land to contemplate the origins, present operation, and probable results of the Irish Intoxicating Liquors Act which came into operation this year just in time to cause everyone to ask, "why couldn't they have left it until after the tourist season?" In fact there is some reason to suppose that the whole thing has been invented by the Tourist Board just to prove that although we have streamlined motels with a bath to every room, and equally streamlined factories going up everywhere with the Germans and the Japanese pouring money into them because they have been the first to grasp that the Irish are methodical, hard-working people more interested in a fast buck than they are in the mist that do be on the bog, we still have some little national oddities worth a note on a postcard home to Akron, Ohio, or Rickmansworth, Herts.

Just here we have to back-track a little bit and take note of what the drinking situation was before this thing hit us.

Lord knows it was simple enough. On a weekday—except in certain specified areas, and that only at certain times of the year—you could not legally get a drink after 10.30 p.m. And on Sundays—except in specially designated tourist areas and, to simplify the situation, in the cities of Dublin, Cork, and Limerick, you could not get a drink at all—unless, naturally, you were a *bona fide* traveller.

This put Ireland high on the list of countries approved by societies and associations opposed to the casual consumption of liquor. It also won the approval of people who like to drink, because there was no hour of the day or night, weekdays or Sundays, when you could not, as a matter of practical, as distinct from legal, fact get a drink at any public house throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. (I personally once owned a quarter share of a New York speakeasy during Prohibition, and it was not until many years later that I fully understood what was meant by the "Irish influence" in New York City. Backdoor, side-door, or knock-three-times-and-ask-for-Joe saying Michael sent me—the technique was similar.)

So it seemed to me we were getting on fine. The *bona fides*—and this seems to be where the trouble started, were getting on finer than anybody. They were based on a truly charitable notion: Here is your traveller, spent with the exertions of the journey, half-dead of thirst and fatigue, and a beneficent government permitted a bar to give such a man—who might well have been on the way to some shrine, or to pay a pious visit to his ageing mother but needed a small

stimulant to take him the rest of the way—just that one glass he required. What the Law said was that he could have a glass of liquor, or a cup of tea, and a sandwich. Just one of each.

Outside Dublin there were men owning public houses in the area that was far enough out to be OK for *bona fide* trade, who interpreted the law in a somewhat liberal fashion. They deemed that if a lonely traveller on a hot Sunday afternoon miles from anywhere and with the soles of his boots wearing off needs a glass of whisky, how much more does a party of 12 tourists in half a dozen sports cars who have just been thrown out of a city bar at 10.30, require a four-course meal at roughly 15 shillings a head, plus any amount of martinis, wine, whisky or other liquors that they can put away between now and 1.30 or 2 a.m.

The police—and one must say that they had a good deal of statistical evidence for it—said that nice as all this was, the fact remained that people were getting tanked up in these *bona fides* and barrelling back to town at a rate and with an inaccuracy in their driver-reactions which were responsible for a spectacular increase in motor car accidents.

And that was where the whole new law started—getting rid of the *bona fides*. The *bona fide* men are now petitioning the government and anyone else who will listen, stating that they have spent thousands of pounds dolling up their lush caravanserais, and now look. No trade. The government points out in a harsh, unwhimsical way that this doll-up was based on an illegality in the first place. To which the protagonists of Irish-ism (in the Sassenach sense) respond that if an illegality is allowed you cannot, in all fairness, suddenly start to prohibit it as though it were an unallowed illegality like horse-doping or murder.

Another factor which helped to start this new drinking situation we have was a group of parliamentarians from the country, who sought prestige and applause by proving that under the old laws the townsfolk—the damnable city-slickers—had more hours of legal drinking than did the poor, under-privileged countryman, victim, they averred, of urban legislation.

One has to assume that these legislators had never tried to get a drink on, say, a Sunday in any village of their rural constituencies. They would have found no difficulty at all.

Whereas the result of their efforts is that now we have a law under which the bars are not supposed—and in many cases are not even allowed—to open before 12.30 on a Sunday, have to close again at 2.30, and may only open again from 5 p.m. to 9 p.m. And on weekdays, when they open at 10.30 a.m., the closing hour has been "extended" to 11.30.

Since these represent a large number of hours of extended legal drinking on weekdays and Sundays, the non-Irishman might be excused for briefly imagining that the Irish drinking-man would welcome this large liberalization. The opposite is the truth. For, built into the new law is an ordinance that enormously increases the fines mandatory on magistrates to impose on publicans exceeding these legal opening hours.

The result is that a publican who used to open his side-door to the illegal drinkers around 10.30 of a Sunday morning and had no reason to expect to be raided more than twice yearly with a total loss in fines of about £4, now dares do nothing of the kind because he is going to be fined £20 every time, and on the third offence will lose his licence and be put out of business.

And men who were accustomed to enter a bar about five minutes before the legal closing hour of 10.30 p.m. with the intention, and, indeed, certainty of staying there until 2 or 3 a.m. now—because nobody is much interested in drinking entirely in the legal hours—arrive at 11.25 and are horrified to find themselves out on the street again at 11.35.

I have no doubt there is a lot of good sense and modern civic thought about all this. But I cannot help deploring—along with many others—what seems to be a departure from the well-tried system of legalized illegality which had made Ireland so many friends.

# WAUGH

*and peace*

It is a summer in the news for the Waugh family. A new travel book on Africa by Evelyn Waugh and a re-issue of his *Brideshead Revisited* with a new foreword—and a first novel coming from Auberon Waugh, his eldest son. In this formal family group are the two authors with (from left) Harriet Mary, Maria Teresa, Mrs. Waugh, Evelyn Margaret, James and Michael Septimus.

Overleaf is glimpsed the Waugh home in Somerset, where, as he said in a television interview this summer, he lives "to have peace and to be left alone"







# WAUGH *and peace* CONTINUED

Evelyn Waugh finds peace in a house under the shadow of the Quantock Hills and preserves it by omitting the address from *Who's Who* and the telephone directory. He moved there four years ago from Pier's Court, Gloucestershire, where the Waughs had lived since their marriage in 1937, and reconstructed in the study of his new home an exact replica of the library which formerly graced the old. This instinct for continuity is reflected in a love for things Victorian, especially chandeliers—he salvaged one from the demolition of the old Holborn Restaurant. In the dining-room is a massive oak sideboard with flanking cupboards in the neo-Jacobean style of the 1850s—it cost £432 12s. a hundred years ago. The drawing-room has a modern (1957) replica of a carpet from the Great Exhibition of 1851. It was made at Wilton, probably on the original loom moved from Axminster. In one bedroom is a unique Victorian washstand presented, appropriately, by Mr. John Betjeman. This piece



Waugh works in longhand, never uses a typewriter



The gatehouse dates from 1590

Pallavicini bust of Waugh in the dining-room



figures in Waugh's admittedly autobiographical novel *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold*. Mrs. Waugh's bedroom has a four-poster bed and Regency furniture in black and gold. Her dressing table is a converted harpsichord of pale mahogany with brass mounts. The house itself dates from 1590, though only the gatehouse remains of the original home of the Francis family who owned it for 250 years. Most of the present structure dates from the time of



prized Edwardian rococo electrolier



The house: Georgian amplitude in a Somerset setting



Adam, Chippendale & Morris in drawing-room



Fourposter & Regency sofa in Mrs. Waugh's bedroom



Waugh's study, part-library, part-workroom

George I but there were changes made around 1900 which Mr. Waugh proposes to eliminate "as funds allow." He is unlikely to allow any of this peace to be shattered by the publication of *A Tourist in Africa*, his latest book (in early October). Son Auberon, down from Oxford, may find it harder to ignore the blare of trumpets if his *The Foxglove Saga* (due at the end of September) makes an impact anywhere near that of *Decline and Fall*, his father's own memorable first novel.



## LORD KILBRACKEN

## It's so tempting to turn forger

I HAVE JUST REDISCOVERED, after 25 years, a probably unique document, which sorely tempts me to perpetrate a literary hoax of the first magnitude. It's only by writing about it, and making the facts public, that I can dismiss for ever the temptation to do so.

My possession of the document in question arises from a youthful mania of mine for collecting autographs. I had, for example, Frank Woolley and Tich Freeman and Percy Chapman (I was an ardent Kent fan), and Primo Carnera and Ramsay MacDonald and Eamon de Valera. I also had a postcard to me, aged 12, from George Bernard Shaw, who wrote in reply to my request for his signature: "What sport is there in just begging a man to write his name on a piece of paper for you? Any fool can get an autograph that way if the man is fool enough to give it. The real sport in collecting is to obtain genuine documents. If you cannot understand this you must think about it until you do."

I thought about it for quite a while and decided that Shaw was right. (I also decided that I *had* now obtained a genuine document, which Shaw had been fool enough to give me.) In my search for more such documents, I rapidly acquired a letter to my great-aunt, Lady Northbourne, from Sir James Barrie, accepting an invitation to stay; a letter to another great-aunt, Lady Hamilton, from William Gerhardt, declining an invitation to lunch; and a letter from Smuts to General Spears, declining an invitation to dinner. Shaw, I felt, would be pleased with my progress. And then my grandfather died.

Grandpapa had been private secretary to Mr. Gladstone, and had kept for 50 years, tidily filed away in a cabinet in his study, all the correspondence of that period which he had deemed of any interest. This cabinet, I realized, was a perfect goldmine for the seeker after "genuine documents." I importuned my father for several days and he finally allowed me to go through grandpapa's papers and to extract

any letters I wanted. (I have often wondered what happened to those I *didn't* take: I, certainly, never saw them again.)

At that age, I had only heard of the *most* famous people, but I joyously discovered Charles Darwin (letter to Mr. Gladstone, in 1881, about a proposed "Memorial" to A. R. Wallace, the naturalist); Florence Nightingale (letter to my grandfather, in 1885, arranging a meeting with him to discuss Indian affairs, in which she expressed her "*great interest*"); two H. H. Asquiths (offering my grandfather a peerage, and informing him he was getting one); Lister, several John Morleys, Andrew Lang ("*I have just finished translating the Hymns, and expect that they abound in Howlers, but I hope Butcher will correct the proofs*"); Jowett, Burne-Jones and several Archbishops of Canterbury, to mention only a few. And then, at last, I found what I'd been hoping for: two whole drawers, solidly packed with letters, neatly tied in bundles, from Mr. Gladstone himself.

There must have been several hundred, and I debated a long time about how many I should take. I finally decided on 20; I really only wanted one or two myself, just so that I could say I'd got Gladstone, but I reckoned that the others would be useful as swaps. I took them back to school with me, and began some successful trading: a Gladstone letter for the whole Australian cricket XI; a Gladstone letter for Clark Gable, Greta Garbo and Ivor Novello; a Gladstone postcard for Neville Chamberlain and Stanley Baldwin. Fortunately, before too long, my father got to hear about this, and put a stop to it when I still had four Gladstones left.

Well, the other day, I came upon my autographs again. They had been stored, in a huge album, with some things of my mother's which my sister has just unearthed. And there they all were—the G.B.S. postcard, Florence Nightingale, the lot—in their pristine condition of 1934. Plus the four Gladstones. I perused them with interest. A letter to the then Lord Halifax (1872); a long, intricate postcard to my

grandfather (1876); a letter to my grandmother (1871) on the occasion of her betrothal. And, finally, the Gladstone "head-and-tail," the existence of which I had utterly forgotten.

My grandfather has described in his "*Reminiscences*" this curious habit of Gladstone's. He would write on an incoming letter, he recounts:

"the usual instructions for a reply, and would return to us, with the letter, a sheet of note-paper on which he had written what he called a 'head and tail'—that is to say, a beginning, '*My dear Sir*' (or whatever it might be), and an ending, '*Yours faithfully, W. E. Gladstone*'; between these two fragments he would leave a blank space, sometimes of two or three pages, which he calculated would be enough for what he had instructed us to say, and we had to fit it in accordingly; not always an easy job. A more signal proof of confidence in his secretaries he could hardly have given."

One of these "head-and-tails," surplus to requirements, my grandfather had pocketed. And there it was—there it *is* now, before me on my desk as I write—safely preserved in my schoolboy collection.

I hope it is now realized how sorely I am tempted. . . . The unused "head-and-tail" is on a sheet of writing paper, folded to form four pages and stamped "*Harwarden Castle, Chester*" (his country residence). Beneath this is written, in Gladstone's hand, the beginning, "*Dear Sir,*" and, halfway down the third page, the ending, "*Your very faithful and obedient W. E. Gladstone.*"

I could make out the Dear Sir to be Disraeli, and insert a letter proposing a coalition. I could make out the Dear Sir to be Parnell, and insert a letter proposing that he should become Chancellor of the Exchequer. What fun I could have, and what scandal I could cause, with such a literal *carte blanche*! Somehow, I must resist the temptation; and, having written this, I'll have to. But, perhaps, if any American collector is interested. . . .



# AUTUMN IN PARIS

*It's an opulent autumn in Paris so far as the Collections go. And they go pretty far, as these pictures show, with a luxurious return to elegant tailoring and a lavish and potent use of fur for every occasion. It's the day of the mink, the fox and the sable (especially the sable), and a sensational debut was made by Mongolian lamb*

**Silhouette** in the place Vendôme is the work of Nina Ricci's designer, Jean Crahay. His waisted, flared coat is of black broadcloth deeply banded with the black mink, also used for the choker can be removed to show a collarless neckline. The Ricci Collection, inspired by Czarist Russia and the Boyar tradition, was lavish, exciting and full of surprises, like the row of tiny tinkling bells sewn to the hemlining of the coat. Debenham & Freebody will soon be making it to individual orders



*Les tailleurs*

**Redingote** from Pierre Balmain is in fine black wool that zips open from neck to hemline, to show a fitted, black crêpe dress worn underneath. The neck, three-quarter cuffs and hem are richly trimmed with the black mink that also makes the muff. The elegant line of coat and dress was repeated often in the Balmain collection and the bunch of Parma violets at the throat is typical of this designer's work

**Suit** in off-white velour from Nina Ricci has an envelope skirt revealing a black underskirt. The jacket is faced with black and is collarless under the removable black fox choker. The suit can be made to order at Debenham & Freebody at the end of the month. Crahay, Nina Ricci's designer, made a feature of left-hand fastenings for coats and suits and there were many Cossack-style redingotes

COUTURE made a come-back in Paris this autumn. The top houses have resisted the heavy pressure inevitably exerted by the international dress buyers on the look out for dresses, suits and coats that are easy to mass-produce. The result is a return to the art that conceals art, with clothes that are tailored and fitted to the body, requiring a master cutter and fitter to achieve their effect. With the notable exception of the House of Dior, the careless thrown-together, anyone-could-make-it look has been abandoned. Tailoring and dressmaking—like waistlines—are in this year and the most significant pointer to the way things are shaping in Paris (London too) was the spontaneous cheering that greeted the finale of Lanvin-Castillo's immensely feminine, wearable and flattering collection of exquisitely made clothes. The regal atmosphere that flavoured the Paris collections was heightened by rich fabrics and the lavish use of fur. The colours, seen first in the London collections,

were deep and glowing, with subtle brown tones and almost black purples. Among individual designers, Pierre Balmain emphasized the long and elegant line, with hip-length jackets and slim skirts, often slightly flared and taken comfortably over the knee, the line flowing naturally over the body contours. Guy Laroche was designing for the smart, jaunty young Parisienne. His models had a touch of the 20s, but no hint of fancy dress. Laroche favoured little, pull-on felt hats, double-breasted jackets and softly gathered skirts that just covered the knee. Nina Ricci's collection was notable this year for a certain Russianized (Imperial) magnificence. Her designer, Jean Crahay, put all the fastenings of his coats and suits on the left-hand side. Ideas bubbled in the collection of Pierre Cardin, who made great use of brilliant colour and introduced a scalloped hemline. The clothes shown on these two pages illustrate points made by the four couturiers.



**Stole**, lined with beaver, is a part of this grey flannel dress from Guy Laroche which shows Chinese influence in its side-buttoning. Laroche also showed a number of Suzie Wong sheath dresses for evening, entirely embroidered with bugle beads, as well as high-necked, sleeveless blousons to be worn with suits. Another influence detected in this collection was that of the 20s, in using tiny pull-on hats

**Colours** from Cardin were damson, prune and browns like the warm tan he used for this square-jacketed suit with the scalloped hem. Featured in the Cardin collection this autumn were many tunic dresses buttoning up the back. He also favoured high snuggling coat collars and out-size buttons. Cardin's startling use of colour provided a contrast to the more sombre shades used in both Paris and London



AUTUMN IN PARIS *continued*



## La chanson des rues

Boutique ideas from Yves St. Laurent at Dior included this jacket (*below, left*), crocheted in heavy Vandyke brown wool. It is edged with a broad band of unstranded ranch mink, the same fur being used for the sugar-loaf hat. The sleeveless tunic and the skirt worn with it are both made of matching suède. Other items from his "Beatnik" Collection, destined to be widely copied, are his leather or cloth tunics with heavy-knit, ribbed sleeves, polo necks and little tea-cosy caps

The Oriental look comes this year from Pierre Balmain and is shown here (*below*) in the form of a scarlet wool suit cut on coolie lines, with button and tag fastenings. The feeling for lavish fur trimmings is followed by adding a lynx hat and muff. Long jacket lines were the hallmark of his collection, accentuating a tall, slender silhouette. Nearly always there was an added touch of luxury, such as an ermine lining to a tweed coat, or topping a knitted suit with a cape collar of white Mongolian lamb



The liquid drop line was the distinctive innovation in skirts from the collection of Lanvin-Castillo. The slightly flared skirt has a narrow, inverted hem, bevelling inwards, and can be seen (*left*) on this tailored dress of fine beige wool, with a short jacket trimmed with Golden Amber mutation fox, also used for the hat. The dress is short-sleeved with a fitted bodice, the natural waist accentuated by a calf belt. Both to be had soon from Debenham & Freebody, W.1

A trompe l'oeil suggestion of a two-piece suit (*opposite*) from the collection of Jacques Heim. Actually it is a suit-dress with an over-the-hips tunic, several of which were shown at this house. Made of brown wool, and cut away to show a plastron of beaver, it is worn with a straight skirt of the same cloth. The collarless neck and cuff-less sleeves remain as a constant throughout the Collections. Svend makes some of the most startling hats in Paris (*see cover*)







For a sparkling evening, nothing is more glamorous than perfect white Arctic fox. It is not nearly so costly as white mink, but in the hands of Castillo at Lanvin this utterly feminine jacket with its horizontally worked skins, matching hat, and the huge white satin bow, does everything for a woman. Shown in the Place de la Concorde

*Scintillation—and a surprise*

AUTUMN IN PARIS *continued*

Sparkling embroidery of gold and silver thread, and often jewels, adorned the exquisite traditional ball dresses in the large, beautifully made collection by Lanvin-Castillo. For evening, he invariably chose a fitted bodice with low décolleté. His colours were the palest pastels. A typical example is this ball dress of silver grey satin (*above*)



One sartorial surprise, at least, is always sprung each season in Paris. This time, when so many costly furs were shown, it was Mongolian lamb that now won the "oohs" and "aahs"; Lanvin-Castillo made this one (*above, right*), lined it with white satin for wearing over a short satin dress, and topped it off with a little jewelled pill-box hat



Costly fur and rich fabric in Pierre Balmain's romantic ball-dress of Vandyke brown satin (*below*), topped with a short jacket, deeply collared with Imperial Russian sables. The jacket, which crosses over the bodice, juts sharply from the waist at the back, hiding the high swathed strapless bodice and the cummerbund of black velvet. Also a huge sable muff

Perfect matching of skins is always a feature of the large collection of furs shown by the house of Lanvin-Castillo. The entire collection is, by special arrangement, reproduced in England by Debenham & Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.1. Among the strikingly original designs will be this chinchilla cape (*bottom*), the skins giving a broad, open neckline

## *La vie au château*



**Long and short** was the combination shown, surprisingly, by Nina Ricci, who had long, lavish Boyar coats with little, short evening dresses of the same material under them. This (*left*) was one of the many examples of the sumptuous evening great-coats shown. Made of chestnut and white chiné ottoman it had huge collars and cuffs of sable

**Flashes of femininity**—echoes of the past—were sometimes seen in Yves St. Laurent's perplexing, gimmick-laden collection at Dior. In the former tradition of this famous House is the dinner dress (*right*) of smoke grey and peat brown chiffons, with the hipline and neck trimmed with toning mink. The collection resembled an extremely expensive Boutique





The Hon. Caroline Best, elder daughter of Lord & Lady Wynford, of Wynford House, Maiden Newton, Dorset. She is having a dance at home on 1 October

## SECOND INSTALMENT

*A list of parties  
and dances during the "Little Season"*

### DANCES

THURSDAY, 1 SEPTEMBER

*Mrs. Urquhart of Craigston for Miss Sara Urquhart, at Craigston Castle*

FRIDAY, 2 SEPTEMBER

*Viscountess Weir and Lady MacAndrew for Miss Mary MacAndrew and for the coming-of-age of the Hon. George Weir, at Montgreenan, Ayrshire*

SATURDAY, 3 SEPTEMBER

*Mrs. R. A. Morrill for Miss Joanna Morrill, in Yorkshire*

MONDAY, 5 SEPTEMBER

*Mrs. Cameron of Lochiel for Miss Anne Cameron, in Inverness*

SATURDAY, 10 SEPTEMBER

*Mrs. Patrick Stirling and Mrs. Hubert Elliot for Mrs. Elliot's twin daughters Miss Clovannis and Miss Miranda Cathcart, in Scotland*

MONDAY, 12 SEPTEMBER

*Mrs. R. G. Pollok-McCall for Miss Camilla Pollok-McCall, at Kindeace, Delny, Ross-shire*

FRIDAY, 16 SEPTEMBER

*Lady Lovat for the Hon. Tessa Fraser and for the coming-of-age of the Master of Lovat, in Inverness*

*Lady Sempill and Mrs. Raymond Erith, a barn dance for the Hon.*

*Janet Forbes-Sempill, at Dedham, Essex*



PHILIP TOWNSEND

Miss Caroline Nelson is the daughter of the Hon. George & Mrs. Nelson, of Acacia Road, St. John's Wood. Mrs. Nelson is giving a party for her daughter at their home on Friday, 23 September



YEVONDE

*Mrs. Curzon-Howe-Herrick, the Countess of Swinton and Mrs. David Hunt for Miss Sally Hunt and for the coming-of-age Mr. Montagu Curzon-Howe-Herrick and Mr. Nicholas Cunliffe-Lister, at Clifton Castle, Yorkshire*

FRIDAY, 23 SEPTEMBER

*The Hon. Mrs. George Nelson for Miss Caroline Nelson (see picture) The Hon. Mrs. Schofield and Mrs. R. Backhouse (small dance) for Miss Cicely Schofield and Miss Jane and Miss Avery Backhouse, in Yorkshire*

*Mrs. Dudley Comonte (small dance) for Miss Deborah Comonte and for the coming-of-age of Mr. Sheridan Comonte, at Seal Chart, Kent*

*Mrs. T. A. Saul for Miss Valentine Saul, at Woodhall Spa, Lincolnshire*

SATURDAY, 24 SEPTEMBER

*Mrs. Tom Harland and Mrs. Philip Flower (small dance) for Miss Anne Harland and Miss Sara Flower, in Norfolk*

MONDAY, 26 SEPTEMBER

*Mrs. Ralph Donnithorne, Mrs. Bernard Alexander and Mrs. Christopher Dilke for Miss Anthea Donnithorne, Miss Natasha Alexander and Miss Annabel Dilke, at the Oxford and Cambridge University Club, Pall Mall*

TUESDAY, 27 SEPTEMBER

*Mrs. Hopton, Mrs. Ian Karlake and Mrs. David Woodbine Parish for Miss Cecilia Hopton, Miss Sarah Karlake and Miss Vanessa Woodbine Parish, in London*

WEDNESDAY, 28 SEPTEMBER

*Lady Elwes and Mrs. John Keswick for Miss Jessica Elwes and Miss Margaret Keswick, in Inner Temple Hall*

THURSDAY, 29 SEPTEMBER

*Lady Lacey and Mrs. Robert Walker for Miss Dauvergne Walker, at Stockton House, Warminster Mrs. R. C. H. Kirwan for Miss Angela Kirwan, at the Ski Club of Great Britain, Eaton Square Mrs. F. Kraus and Mrs. S. Kremer for Miss Susan Kraus and Miss Susan Kremer, in London*

FRIDAY, 30 SEPTEMBER

*Mrs. Harold Gregson (small dance) for her daughter Miss Vanessa Clarke, in Brenchley, Kent*

*Mrs. P. D. O. Vaux for her son Mr. P. E. R. Vaux, at Brettanby Manor, Richmond, Yorkshire*

SATURDAY, 1 OCTOBER

*Lady Wynford (small dance) for the Hon. Caroline Best, at Wynford House, Maiden Newton, Dorset*

*Mrs. S. N. Embiricos for her sister Miss Jennifer Harrison, at Wephurst Park, Wisborough Green, Sussex*

MONDAY, 3 OCTOBER

*Mrs. Peter Stevens for Miss Judith Stevens, in London Mrs. Anthony Wrightson for Miss Priscilla Wrightson*

## TUESDAY, 4 OCTOBER

*Lady Willoughby de Broke* (small dance) for the *Hon. Susan Verney*, at 23 Gilbert Street.

*Mrs. John Armstrong* (small dance) for *Miss Jane Armstrong*, in Chelsea  
*Mrs. J. L. Elson-Rees* for *Miss Sally Elson-Rees*

## THURSDAY, 6 OCTOBER

*Mrs. Marjorie Godwin-Williams* for *Miss Annette Godwin-Williams*, at 6 Belgrave Square

## FRIDAY, 7 OCTOBER

*Lady Plowden*, *Mrs. Derek Walker-Smith* and *Mrs. John Williams-Wynne* for the *Hon. Penelope Plowden*, *Miss Deborah Walker-Smith* and *Miss Merry Williams-Wynne* in Middle Temple Hall

## SATURDAY, 8 OCTOBER

*Lady McFadzean* for *Miss Angela McFadzean*, in Woldingham

## MONDAY, 10 OCTOBER

*Mrs. Jocelyn Gibb* for her twin daughters *Miss Alison* and *Miss Jean Gibb*, at Londonderry House

## TUESDAY, 11 OCTOBER

*Mrs. Patrick Spens* for *Miss Sally Spens*, at Quaglino's ballroom

## WEDNESDAY, 12 OCTOBER

*Mrs. Michael Callender* (small dance) for *Miss Sara Callender*, in London

## FRIDAY, 14 OCTOBER

*Mrs. Gilbert H. Stead* for *Miss Victoria Stead*, at Claridge's

## TUESDAY, 15 OCTOBER

*The Countess of St. Germans* (small dance) for her granddaughter the *Hon. Frances Eliot*, at the Savoy

## WEDNESDAY, 19 OCTOBER

*Mrs. L. C. Robertson* (small dance) for *Miss Sarah Robertson*, in London

## THURSDAY, 20 OCTOBER

*Mrs. Douglas Collins* for *Miss Susy Collins*, at Claridge's

## MONDAY, 21 OCTOBER

*The Hon. Francis Curzon* (small dance) for her granddaughter *Miss Hone Robertson*, at the Hyde Park Hotel

## TUESDAY, 22 OCTOBER

*Lady Clarendon* and *Mrs. Howard French* (small dance) for the *Hon. Charlotte Bingham* and *Miss Simone French*, at 8 Lennox Gardens  
*Mrs. H. L. Bird* for *Miss Lavinia Bird*

## WEDNESDAY, 26 OCTOBER

*Mrs. Gerald Winton* (small dance) for her daughter *Miss Davina Wallace*, in London

## FRIDAY, 28 OCTOBER

*Mrs. Evelyn MacAndrews* for *Miss Jennifer Anne MacAndrews*, at the Hurlingham Club

## WEDNESDAY, 3 NOVEMBER

*Mrs. Denis Griffiths* for *Miss Carol Griffiths*, at Claridge's

## THURSDAY, 5 NOVEMBER

*Lady Dulverton* for the *Hon. Sarah Wills*, in London

## FRIDAY, 4 NOVEMBER

*Lady Rebbeck* for *Miss José Rebbeck*, in the country

## SATURDAY, 5 NOVEMBER

*Mrs. John Lade* for *Miss Jennifer Lade*, at Yaldham Manor, Kemsing, Kent

## WEDNESDAY, 9 NOVEMBER

*Mrs. Anthony N. Hunter* for *Miss Carolyn Hunter* and for the coming-of-age of *Miss Sally Hunter*, at the Hyde Park Hotel

## FRIDAY, 2 DECEMBER

*Mrs. Thomas Abel Smith* for *Miss Elizabeth Abel Smith*, at Woodhall Park, Hertford

*Lady Rowlandson* for *Mr. Richard G. St. J. Rowlandson*, at Claridge's

## TUESDAY, 6 DECEMBER

*Mrs. Peter Foster* for *Miss Ann Foster*, at Claridge's

## SATURDAY, 10 DECEMBER

*Mrs. Christopher York* for *Miss Louise York* and for the coming-of-age of *Mr. Edward York*, at Long Marston Manor, York

## MONDAY, 12 DECEMBER

*Mrs. Mervyn Cunliffe-Fraser* for *Miss Valerie Cunliffe-Fraser*, at the Hyde Park Hotel

## WEDNESDAY, 14 DECEMBER

*Mrs. Derek Butler Adams* and *Mrs. Anne Dupree* for *Miss Zara Butler Adams* and *Miss Sally Dupree*, in London

*Mrs. Francis Vallat* (dinner dance) for *Miss Judith Vallat*, at the Hurlingham Club

## THURSDAY, 15 DECEMBER

*Lady (Donald) Anderson* and *Mrs. Cyril Kleinwort* for *Miss Lindsay Anderson* and *Miss Susanna Kleinwort*, at Claridge's

## TUESDAY, 20 DECEMBER

*Mrs. Josette Garthwaite* for *Miss Elizabeth Garthwaite*



DOROTHY WILDING

*Miss Jennifer Harrison*, daughter of *Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Harrison*, of Park Lane, W.1. *Miss Harrison's* elder sister, *Mrs. S. N. Embiricos*, a débutante herself two years ago, is giving a dance for her on 1 October, which will also be a housewarming for her new home, Wephurst Park, Wisborough Green, in Sussex





TOM HUSTLER

Miss Carolyn Hunter is the younger daughter of Mr. Anthony N. Hunter and Mrs. A. Lusk. Her dance on 9 November will also be for the coming-of-age of her sister, Miss Sally Hunter

## SECOND INSTALMENT *continued*

Miss Deborah Walker-Smith, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Derek Walker-Smith, is sharing a dance in Middle Temple Hall on 7 October with the Hon. Penelope Plowden and Miss Merry Williams-Wynne

YEVONDE



Miss Sara Callender, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Michael Callender, of Chapel Street, S.W.1, is having a dance in London on 12 October

VANDYK



## COCKTAIL PARTIES

THURSDAY, 29 SEPTEMBER

*Mrs. Anne Hopkinson for Miss Selina and Miss Lucy Hopkinson and for the coming-of-age of Mr. Barnabas Hopkinson*

MONDAY, 3 OCTOBER

*Mrs. J. C. Lister for Miss Imogen and Miss Bridget Lister and for Mr. Simon Lister, in London*

WEDNESDAY, 5 OCTOBER

*Mrs. Pender Chalmers for Miss Rosemary Chalmers, in Chelsea*

MONDAY, 10 OCTOBER

*Mrs. Charles Childe for Miss Caroline Childe, in Chelsea*

TUESDAY, 11 OCTOBER

*The Hon. Mrs. Coles for Miss Caroline Coles, in London*

WEDNESDAY, 12 OCTOBER

*Mrs. J. O. Needham and Mrs. C. Forsyth (cocktail dance) for Miss Patricia Needham and Miss Jean Forsyth, at the Hurlingham Club*

THURSDAY, 20 OCTOBER

*Mrs. Horace West for Miss Julia West, in London*

TUESDAY, 25 OCTOBER

*Mrs. John Gommers for Miss Odile Gommers*

WEDNESDAY, 9 NOVEMBER

*Mrs. R. A. B. Gosling for Miss Annabel Gosling, in London*

## SCOTTISH BALLS

TUESDAY, 6 SEPTEMBER

*Donside Ball, Inverurie Town Hall, Aberdeen*

WEDNESDAY, 7 SEPTEMBER

*1st Skye Ball, Portree*

THURSDAY, 8 SEPTEMBER

*2nd Skye Ball, Portree*

FRIDAY, 9 SEPTEMBER

*Lochaber Ball, Achnacarry*

*Aboyne Ball, Aboyne*

TUESDAY, 13 SEPTEMBER

*Northern Meeting Ball, Inverness*

THURSDAY, 15 SEPTEMBER

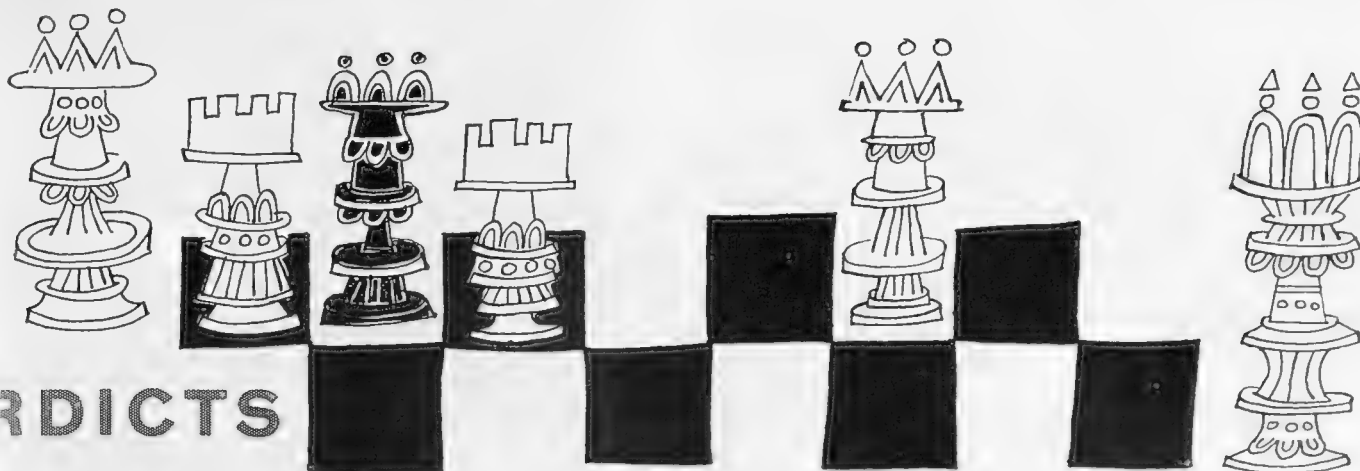
*Oban Ball*

TUESDAY, 20 SEPTEMBER

*1st Perth Hunt Ball*

THURSDAY, 22 SEPTEMBER

*2nd Perth Hunt Ball*



## VERDICTS

*The play* **The Art Of Living.** Criterion Theatre. (Hiram Sherman, Graham Stark, Carole Shelley, Judy Bruce.)

*The films* **Les Fanatiques.** Director Alex Joffe. (Pierre Fresnay, Michel Auclair, Gregoire Aslan, Tilda Thamar, Betty Schneider.)

**L'Eau Vive.** Director Francois Villiers. (Pascale Audret, Charles Blavette, Andrée Debar.)

**Let No Man Write My Epitaph.** Director Philip Leacock. (Shelley Winters, Burl Ives, James Darren, Jean Seberg, Ricardo Montalban, Ella Fitzgerald.)

**Battle Inferno.** Director Frank Wisbar. (Joachim Hansen, Horst Frank, Wolfgang Preiss.)

*The books* **The Luck Of Ginger Coffey,** by Brian Moore (Deutsch, 15s.).  
**Prince Philip, A Family Portrait,** by Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia (Hodder & Stoughton, 25s.).

**Go Naked In The World,** by Tom Chamales (Deutsch, 18s.).

**The Buttered Side,** by William Ridler (Hutchinson, 18s.).

**The Sapphire Treasury of Stories For Boys & Girls,** by Gillian Avery (Gollancz, 15s.).

**The Hosts Of Rebecca,** by Alexander Cordell (Gollancz, 16s.).

*The records* **Miles Davis & The Modern Jazz Giants.**

**Southern Scene,** by Dave Brubeck.

**Ella Fitzgerald Sings The George & Ira Gershwin Song Book.**

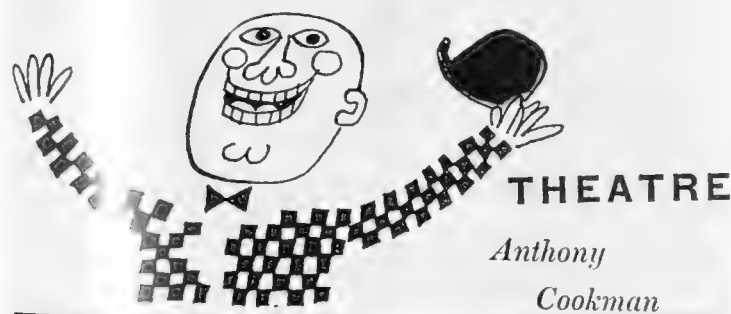
**Outside,** by Shelley Berman

**Dietrich In Rio,** by Marlene Dietrich.

**Like Love,** by André Previn.

**Isn't It Romantic,** by Bill McGuffie.

*The gallery* **Nicolas Schöffer.** Institute of Contemporary Arts.



## If Art, why not Max?

REVUES, HOWEVER SPARKLING OR however flat, all draw their stuff (as is painfully apparent to those whose dreadful trade is to distinguish one from another) from the same old stockpot. It is generally believed that there is no other. So one feels a helpless warming of the heart to Mr. Laurier Lister whose new revue, **The Art of Living** at the Criterion Theatre, is drawn from the writings of Mr. Art Buchwald, the Paris columnist of the *New York Herald Tribune*.

The experiment is a modest success. There is a temptation to drop the qualifying adjective and rate as a simple success a piece that opens up the dazzling possibility of revue wandering open-eyed over the whole field of *belles-lettres* and even further. The essays of Max

Beerbohm await treatment, and when they have been turned into a deliciously dandified revue it will be time for some intrepid pioneer to unearth the stuff of revue lying dormant in the lucubrations of the lords Macaulay and Verulam. Another large stockpot seething with fresh ideas comes into view.

Mr. Buchwald is no Thurber, but as the American in Paris he has a gimlet eye for the foibles of his travelling countryman, and he is master of the straightfaced joke which, stuck unexpectedly into a bland recital of facts, has the effect of making the facts themselves suddenly look unbelievable and ludicrous. **The Art of Living** is as deftly arranged as one would expect of Mr. Laurier Lister, an old hand at the game of concealing the

pointlessness of a sketch with liveliness of movement and glitter of colour, but the most telling things—certainly in the first half of the entertainment—are obviously derived straight from Mr. Buch-

wald's witty & worldly column.

Mr. Hiram Sherman, a plump and offhand little American comedian, usually speaks for the columnist. He has a quietly funny little piece about the fantastic shopping which



CHAIRBORNE GLOBE-TROTTERS in semi-silhouette (Judy Bruce and Graham Stark), with dresses proclaiming *Main Street* on the loose in London, do a song-and-dance routine, "Sightseeing," early on in **The Art Of Living**



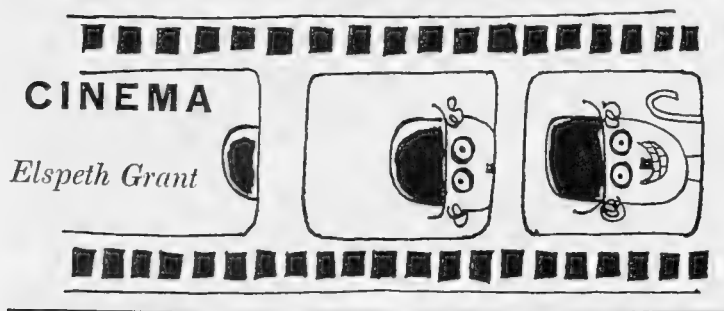
a travelling American is asked to do for the folks at home, and even better is his account of his globe-trotting compatriot who is determined to hate everything he sees. He reckons London as nothing, Paris as nothing, Vienna as nothing and Venice as nothing. Why does the fellow travel at all? Presumably only to re-live his hatreds with photographs when at last he gets home to Exville, Wisconsin, a place which, when all is said and done, is nothing much.

There is an amusing picture of an American impresario's disillusionment on discovering that Les Bluebell Girls—a troupe he hopes to import into the United States as authentic Paris girls—are in fact Lancashire lasses whose fearful mothers guard them so closely in Paris that they are pining to get back to the Bohemian freedom of Morecambe. And it is vividly explained to us that the reason that all film units go on location into Spain is not only because the scenery is favourable but because Spain looks like every country, only more so.

But there is no blinking the fact that these quirks of fancy are literary rather than theatrical, and that most people are saying in the

interval that the show is decidedly uneven. The second half is a great improvement on the first. Many of the sketches continue no doubt to be inspired by Mr. Buchwald's little jokes, but either they lend themselves more easily to theatrical exploitation or, possibly, Mr. Lister has taken the bit between his teeth and galloped away from the text. Mr. Graham Stark as a wicked Italian customs official combines business and pleasure so successfully that Miss Carole Shelley as the guileless traveller finds herself involuntarily doing a very thorough strip-tease act. The same two comedians are in their element as the indignant gamekeeper in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* looking for D. H. Lawrence with a gun, and as Snow White ribaldly amazed at the naivety of Mr. Walt Disney.

Mr. Stark is extremely funny as the musical-minded doctor who is so enchanted with the sounds given out by Mr. Sherman's chest that he seizes his patient by the nose, picks up a bow and plays him as though he were a big cello. And so on. By the end of the evening we have forgotten our misgivings at the interval and have all agreed to call it a bright and lively little show.



## The anxious assassins

M. MICHEL AUCLAIR, SHARING WITH M. Pierre Fresnay the title role in *Les Fanatiques*, is not really the compléat fanatic. That is to say, though a party to a projected assassination, he still reflects with mournful bitterness that there must be something wrong with the scheme of things if one must kill off half the people in the world in order to make the other half happy.

Citizens of some unspecified South American republic, Messrs. Fresnay and Auclair are pledged to eliminate their country's dictator, M. Gregoire Aslan, during his visit to France. The dictator's death must appear to be accidental, for if assassination is suspected all his

enemies at home, whom the two plotters represent, will be summarily executed.

At Nice airport, where he works, M. Auclair watches anxiously as M. Fresnay plants a typewriter containing a time-bomb in the special plane chartered by M. Aslan to take him back to South America to cope with the latest revolution. Everything goes smoothly. Then, at the last moment, the dictator changes his mind: he will proceed to Rome on an ordinary passenger flight. The conspirators are faced with crisis.

Hastily, and at great risk, M. Fresnay retrieves the typewriter, intending to smuggle it into the



THE RUSTIC HEIRESS (top right) with her shepherd uncle (Pascale Audret & Charles Blavette) in *L'Eau Vive*. Right centre: *Air hostess* (Francoise Fabian) questions terrorist (Pierre Fresnay) in *Les Fanatiques*, while (right) General Ribera and his wife (Gregoire Aslan & Tilda Thamar) relax

other plane. M. Auclair frantically protests. There will be 50 innocent passengers aboard: what right has M. Fresnay to murder these people in a political cause with which they are not remotely concerned? Every right, maintains M. Fresnay: by sacrificing these 50 strangers he will be saving the lives of 50,000 of his compatriots. If he has to shoot M. Auclair to accomplish his purpose, he will: and he has to. M. Fresnay himself, after all, is willing to die for his country—so why not M. Auclair?

Armed with an airline ticket and his lethal typewriter, M. Fresnay takes his seat in the plane for Rome. He has plenty of time before the bomb is due to explode to observe his fellow-passengers—Mlle. Betty Schneider, the ingenuous girl (too ingenuous by half, I thought) who prattles confidently to him, three charming little boys, a newly-married couple and so on.

Has he the heart to go through with his plan? No, he, on the other hand, any alternative? The tension M. Joffe has achieved (and I must say I feel this is the right word) to give this situation is almost unbearable—and the last 10 minutes of the film will have you writhing in empathetic agony.

For sheer visual beauty, *L'eau Vive* (rather badly translated as *The Girl and the River*), is outstanding. Its setting is one of the loveliest valleys in the Midi—peopled, I repeat to say, by a number of rapacious and avaricious peasant families all inter-related. Their lives are to be affected by a huge hydro-electric development scheme which will alter the course of the river Durance. Some will benefit—and need capital to make the most of their chances: some will suffer—and need money to save them from disaster.

In their midst is an orphan girl (Mlle. Pascale Audret), a minor, whose father has left her 30,000 francs. The peasants, her loving relatives, are ready to go to any lengths—will connive at her death, if necessary—to rob or cheat her of her inheritance.

Mlle. Andrée Debar gives a strikingly bitter and beastly performance as a cousin practically viridian with envy—M. Charles Blavette is heart-warming as the only undesigning uncle, a darling old shepherd with whom the persecuted heiress eventually makes her home, in a landscape so enchanting that I longed to drop everything and take off to it that very minute.

If we are to have a film about the Chicago slums, alcoholics, tarts, thugs and drug-addicts, let's have it straight, realistic, ugly. My objection to *Let No Man Write My Epitaph* is that it is sickled over with an old-fashioned sentimentality in the tradition of the worst of Saroyan and the sloppiest of Steinbeck.

It is about the illegitimate son of a tipping café waitress, Miss Shelley Winters, and a man who was sent to the electric chair for killing a cop. Though raised in a squalid slum, the boy (Mr. James Darren) develops into a decent fellow and a promising concert pianist, thanks to the care lavished on him by his self-appointed god-parents. These golden-hearted slobs include Mr. Burl Ives, a one-time judge now sodden with drink, Miss Ella Fitzgerald, a café entertainer who's heavily on the heroin, a faded tart, a punch-drunk Negro ex-boxer, and a legless newspaper vendor who bustles about benevolently on a little trolley.

There is, praise be, one villain in the piece—Mr. Ricardo Montalban, a dope pedlar who converts Miss Winters from gin to the jab-in-the-arm, and soon has her in his clutches and screaming for "a fix." I almost felt I could do with one myself, after enduring all this melodramatic mush. Mr. Darren and Miss Winters, I loyally report, give extremely good performances.

*Battle Inferno* gives an impressively grim account of the defeat of von Paulus and the German Sixth Army at Stalingrad. A 100 per cent anti-war film—and therefore welcome.



BOOKS

Siriol Hugh-Jones

The chilly sound of truth

ANYONE WHO FEELS A SAD TALE'S best for winter, the season we are at present enjoying, should quickly read *The Luck of Ginger Coffey*, by Brian Moore. The jacket bears a perhaps misleadingly jaunty image of the new Ginger, with a shocking pink face and his jolly Tyrolean hat, but disabuse yourself of any notion that this is a book about a comic character with an outsize moustache. Ginger is an Irish immigrant to Canada, worried about a job, worried about his wife, worried about his daughter, finally in trouble with the police. Ginger keeps hoping, insecure in the trust that none of it is really his fault, and life keeps landing him dirtier punches.

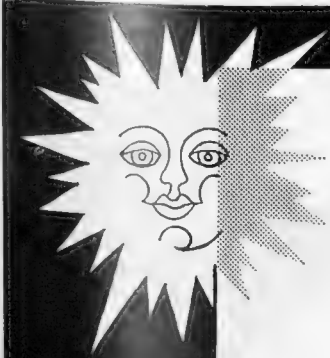
I found this tough and melancholy tale thoroughly admirable because of the chilly sound of truth that rings through the writing (the uneasy relationships between Ginger and his wife and daughter are especially convincing) and because Mr. Moore seems like a writer with genuine compassion (the word is becoming dog-eared at the edges, but it will have to do). I also wish to salute Mr. Moore with admiration and gratitude for being a wholeheartedly masculine writer who dares to look his female characters dead in the eye and record not only what he sees but also understands.

Nothing will shake my conviction that Prince Philip is an entirely real person with a distinct personality all his own. Nothing is

going to rob me of my faith, not even *Prince Philip, a Family Portrait*, by Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia, a breathless, glowing tale for the fan-club audience. There are odd moments of embarrassing girlish confidence—"No doubt my letters to Peter and Lilibet's letters to Philip travelled on the same planes, if not in the same diplomatic bags. One of Peter's letters to me, with his scrawling 'I zaz you!' his sweet silly version of 'I love you,' was carried in the British Foreign Minister's (Anthony Eden) despatch case, and Philip's letters to Lilibet travelled by equally helpful routes." Well, no doubt.

Collectors of stray bits of royal news will like to know that while the bride and bridegroom were making their first balcony appearance, "the utmost chaos and confusion prevailed in the State rooms behind them," and many guests were exclaiming "Where's the loo?" The book has the most haunting opening sentence of any royal memoir yet published—"If I had been born a boy, I should have been H.R.H. Prince Philip of Greece." You never can tell what surprises life has in store.

*Briefly... Go Naked in the World* is by Tom Chamales, and is a turgid tale of a young Greek-American home from the wars and sadly entangled with one of those passionate prostitutes who carelessly omit to tell the young hero



FOND DE TEINT SOLAIRE-MAT  
NEW TWO IN ONE FORMULA!  
A NON SHINE SUNTAN CREAM AND MAKE-UP BASE  
Wear alone as a flattering mat suntan cream,  
or as a protective foundation, with cream  
rouge and powder. In Four Tempting Shades.  
LANCÔME



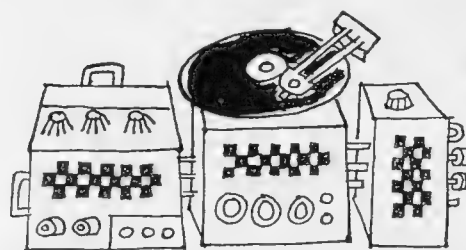


the Truth about the Past. The style somehow made me think of soup into which some over-excited cook had thrown everything to hand. Mr. Chamales thanks lots of people, including Anne and Jewel Baxter ("for never losing faith," well-done them), a lady called Gloria Moss Jones who was loyal "while under the stress of her own writer husband" (cheers for them too) and "Marilyn Monroe for her sweating through the editing with me." I know just how everyone felt.

**The Buttered Side** by William Ridler is a cheerful, rambling, too-long novel about the son of a junk-shop dealer in the Midlands, with a deal of concentration on how he learnt about sex with one girl rather

than another and lived to regret it. . . . **The Sapphire Treasury of Stories for Boys and Girls**, edited by Gillian Avery, is a jolly good anthology which contains, I am delighted to say, a whole book by Charlotte M. Yonge and a long story by Mrs. Ewing, ladies with whom the young should be on close terms . . . and **The Hosts of Rebecca** by Alexander Cordell, is about toll-gates, coalmines, family turmoil and boiling passion in Wales in the mid-19th century. Fine and fluent that Mr. Cordell is with writing real Welshy, all back to front and gorgeous.

There's a fine old wide-screen epic it ought to make now, lovely for the pictures.



## RECORDS

Gerald  
Lascelles

## When temperaments jar

SOME MUSICIANS HAVE A REPUTATION for non-co-operation, and the semi-privacy of a recording studio brings out the worst in them. The atmosphere was electric on that Christmas Eve in 1954 when Miles Davis and Thelonious Monk were together in a New York studio, aided by three of the original four members of the Modern Jazz Quartet, drummer Kenny Clarke, vibraphonist Milt Jackson, and bassist Percy Heath. Even on Esquire's latest album (32-100) some of the audible clashes remain, but my ears turn to the music, which is of the highest calibre. The trouble arose over whether Monk was to back Miles in one of his solos on *The man I love*. I sympathize to some extent with Miles, because Monk is apt to break in with a fistful of notes which are anything but relevant to the soloist's line.

The rhythm duo in this battle of the giants is worth studying. Monk scarcely contributes to the section, and Clarke and Heath have to do it all, with shifting tempos and other unpredictable problems to upset them. They do a superb job, and it is the greatest pity that this fine team has broken up since Clarke came to settle in Europe. Monk, incidentally, plays one of the most composed solos of his career in *Swing spring*, a Davis work which is featured in this album.

I have at last found a Dave Brubeck record I like. In the past I have shot him down for various reasons, chiefly his inability to impart swing to his playing. His new album, *Southern scene* (STFL-530) swings all the way, propelled

by Morello's crisp drumming. Continuing the pattern of material he chose for *Gone With The Wind* (STFL521), he uses pieces from the old jazz and folk repertoire. In one track he is caught with his hair down by the engineer; an impromptu version of *Darktown strutters' ball*, played as a duet with his bassist, proves that he can play loose swinging piano when he wants to.

The fifth and final volume of Ella Fitzgerald's *Gershwin Songbook* (CSD1304) appeared in July. It matches the standard set in the earlier volumes to make a worthwhile collection of Gershwiniiana in anyone's record shelves. Her *Sweet songs for swingers* (CSD1287) is now available in stereo; it is one of the best of her collections of standard popular tunes.

Nothing to do with jazz, I heard on the wireless one day an American comedian called Shelley Berman. Then I discovered that Mr. Berman has made a record, appropriately called *Outside* (CLP1367). I do not usually enjoy recorded performances by comedians, but this is good. In a class on its own I place *Dietrich in Rio* (SBBO571), another live recording of Marlene's unique cabaret act. Her sense of timing and her choice of material are, as always, impeccable.

Readers who choose their music for its background suitability will find André Previn's *Like love* (SBBL569) and Bill McGuffie's *Isn't it romantic* (SBBL573) ideal for this purpose. Both pianists insert enough rhythm into their piano playing to prevent monotony, but are never obtrusive.



## GALLERIES

Alan Roberts



## Critiques and canicide

THERE WAS, IT SEEMED, SOMETHING uncannily surrealistic about the coincidence of my return to office from a visit to the recent Schöffer exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, and the arrival on my desk of a note about the Arts Council's exhibition of John Ruskin's watercolours. It started a train of thought about the nature of current art criticism that will, I feel, continue to trouble me indefinitely unless I commit it to writing.

Schöffer's show, you may remember, was described as an exhibition of "spatiodynamic, cybernetic, luminodynamic sculpture" and it included a robot figure activated by a built-in electronic brain. All the way back from Dover Street I had been wondering how it would be possible to describe it, let alone evaluate it, in terms intelligible to an art-conscious public, let alone the general public.

Two eminent French critics, Jean Cassou and Guy Habasque, had already contributed appreciations of Schöffer in the catalogue of the show but both had addressed themselves to the sort of upper-intellect bracket of art addicts who frequent the I.C.A. M. Habasque, however, had neatly, though unwittingly, summed up my problem. After pointing out that, until recently, the birth of Cubism and abstract painting had seemed to mark the crucial point in "one of the most profound revolutions known to history" he went on to suggest that it might turn out to be, after all, only "a kind of prelude to an even more radical revolution that is only just beginning."

This "radical revolution," according to Habasque, calls into question some of the most fundamental tenets about the nature of art.

It has appeared to me for a long time that if modern art is confusing to the public it is largely the fault of much art criticism, which is doubly confusing. The argument of many contemporary critics is that the new art demands a new language to describe it. The argument sounds reasonable but, in fact, it is made the excuse for masses of esoteric gush that is not only unintelligible but also unreadable.

At the risk of being accused of eating fellow dogs (and of quoting out of context) I ask what anyone can make of this part of a critique of the work of iron sculptor Colla:

"In the end they [iron bars] are

reabsorbed into the incommensurability and into the indefinite opening of the void of the cycle of external relations, which ordain among themselves in the expanse of the surroundings."

Or of this comment on the painting of the Italian Clemente: "Even in the least colourful of his previous paintings colour had helped to accentuate the formal re-birth of matter, stressing outlines and tracing borders between the centres endowed with a stronger intensity of existence and the inarticulate periphery of the canvas."

It is significant that the authors of this sort of criticism cannot even agree upon a definition of the meaning of "abstract" as applied to painting. How, then, you may wonder, can they hope to enlighten those less well-informed than themselves? The answer is simply that they do not so hope. Perhaps a clue to their real aim lies in critic Lawrence Alloway's statement that, "To quote Asimov instead of Plato, separates one from Berenson, Fry, Rey and Read." And, he might have added, from Ruskin. In other words, the aim is to be different, to be one of a coterie, speaking a private, secret language.

Another of these high-powered critics argues that there is what he calls a "depth coherence" in a work of art that cannot be analysed in rational terms. To which one is tempted to reply, "Ah, but can it be analysed in irrational terms?"

No. It is dear old Ruskin, the great 19th-century critic, who suggests the only method by which the emotional content of a painting or piece of sculpture (even abstract ones) might conceivably be conveyed in words:

"We are more gratified by the simplest lines or words which can suggest the idea in its own naked beauty than by the robe and the gem which conceal. . . ."

The ideal critic then is a poet, albeit a prose poet, who transmutes into words the feeling aroused in him by each work of art he sees. Unfortunately, after looking at bad paintings every day for years, few critics have any feeling left to be aroused, and criticism becomes an entirely intellectual thing. Or worse, a complete sham.

And, before anyone points a finger this way, let me assure them that this piece was written in the first place for my own edification.

## GOOD LOOKS

# FIRST FLAVOUR OF AUTUMN IN PARIS

PARIS has promoted the pale girl with the 'twenties touch. But is this look for London? The traditional English rose with the slightly blue petal skin just looks plain unhealthy in the violets, the purples, that throw everything into sharp focus. Some can wear the pale make-up but most will find it too harsh. So, the safest thing is to go to the other end of the spectrum and wear a tawny make-up that softens the heavy blackened browns, counteracts the shadows thrown by purples and violets. Foundations lay the ground work and today the darkest in hue are light in texture and lay a thin film of colour on the skin. If you have the persistence, you could keep a summer tan with the bottles of sunny liquid now on the market (personal choice: Lancôme's *Eau Solaire*).

You can discard your brown lipstick, you can forget about high-wrapped hair. For Paris followed (for a change) London and, with the exception of Dior who clung to highflown hair-dos, snipped models' hair short. Alexandre's new snip (on view *left*) is young and pretty—even on older heads—and he went into partnership with Harriet Hubbard Ayer to produce hair-dos and *maquillages* for the Jacques Heim and Claude Riviére showings. The basic plan was a beige skin; adopt the old trick of light over dark powder for a 3-D effect. Ayer's *Amber* is good for the top coat. Eyes are smoky with *Amber Brown* shadow deepened with black pencil.

But the lipsticks of Paris are all set to sizzle on a cold day. Some are not even in the shops yet but, like the French fashion, there's a time lag between the punch of Paris and the follow up on the beauty counters.

A 1 October launching is planned for six new lipsticks which strutted down the catwalk at Chanel's showing. A pre-view sampling revealed their breathtaking clarity of colour. Two top my list to wear with browns: *Garonce*, a sheer searing red; and *Etincellant*, an orange touched with pink. For violets: *Radieux*, deep rosy pink; and *Midi*, a soft pink for lilacs.

Elizabeth Arden's new liquid eye-shadow rims eyes in *Gris Brun*, *Smoky Green* or *Bleu Lavande*—equally good with browns or violets.

PARIS had: Dior lipsticks Nos. 26 (deep pink blended with blue) and 21 (paler toned). . . Dior models used Charles of the Ritz *Silver Violet* and *Sea Green* shadow; *Beige Liquid Veil* foundation for a pale skin. . . *Diorissimo* in eau de toilette (coming in November to this country). . . Alexandre put a ribbon bandeau above a small fringe swished to one side and balanced by hair which swung up and then down over the ears in a back flick. This gave a telling 'twenties flavour. . . Nina Ricci had owl eye (self-explanatory) make-up and pale ivory skins. . . Lanvin-Castillo took his models to Carita who gave them short, fluid hair-shapes.

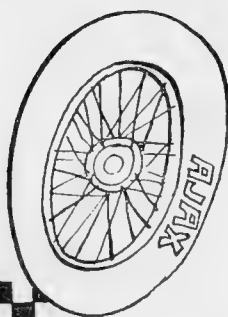
ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON





# MOTURING

Gordon  
Wilkins



## The little changes that make big differences

"IT'S GOING TO BE RATHER A DULL motor show," exclaimed someone in the know the other day. Apparently there are not many new models to come after the spate of announcements last year. This seems to me to be good news. Most of our cars are now competitive in style and performance. The important thing is to build quality into them, seeing that things fit and don't fall off, improving the trim and providing the small detail fittings which add so much to the pleasure of using a car.

Many manufacturers are secretive about the unseen improvements they make to a car in course of production. Perhaps they hope to foster the illusion that everything has been perfectly right from the start. A few inquiries among service mechanics and existing owners usually dispel any such illusions and many prospective buyers would be reassured by a frank statement on the modifications made during the year.

But leaving aside routine changes made to cure snags that arise in

service, do you want to be tempted by frequent changes of appearance which date the previous model, or do you prefer a car that has run for years with the minimum of modification? Some manufacturers still spend money—and it may run to hundreds of thousands of pounds—on frequent changes of grille, trim and panel shapes. Volkswagen go to the other extreme. A few weeks ago they gave their cars an *entirely new* engine and gearbox, but from the publicity releases one would think it was just one more stage in the process of polishing up Dr. Porsche's 24-year-old design. There is little doubt about the reliability of the new engine and gearbox, because similar units have been fitted in the transporters and station wagons for more than a year, but VW apparently do not want buyers to think they are making any drastic changes, even after 20 years of production.

In fact the new VW engine gives an extra four horsepower, raising maximum and cruising speeds to about 72 m.p.h. It should be more

flexible and is said to use slightly less fuel in some conditions. The new gearbox has synchromesh for all speeds including first, and closer ratios help to knock three seconds off the time taken to reach 50 m.p.h. Redesign of the fuel tank has nearly doubled the space available for luggage under the bonnet, flashing indicators replace the semaphore type and the rear suspension has been made more comfortable. All at no increase in price.

Governments are intervening more and more in car design, and some of the new models show the results. The Swiss have banned mascots and other external fittings that might cause injury. Bentley's winged "B" cannot be worn on cars sold over there and every year the new crop of American cars has to have "windsplits" and other ornaments removed before they are released to the Swiss market. France has now gone further, banning many items like unframed driving mirrors. Panhard have had to redesign their front doors for 1961, putting the hinges on the front edge, because rear-hinged doors will be illegal on cars sold in France from then on. The new rule will keep out imports like the Fiat 600, will impose changes on the 2 CV Citroën and force Renault to take some action over their 4 CV, which is said to be due for replacement with a new front-wheel-drive model some time in 1961.

It was comic to see the alarm and despondency created by Vauxhall's decision to sell off their end-of-season models at reduced prices. I thought it a proper return to honest pre-war trading methods. It would be much better if everyone did it instead of expecting the press to take part in a conspiracy of silence which results in some luckless buyers paying full list price for the last examples of obsolete models which have gone out of production weeks previously.

Incidentally, apart from the

persistent seller's market in cars, one of the things that stands in the way of a return to more honest trading is of course the monstrous burden of purchase tax. Manufacturers or agents may cut their prices to clear end-of-season models, but they have no hope of getting a corresponding rebate on the tax already paid. The Government, preaching price reduction, doesn't give much practical help when the revenue is concerned.

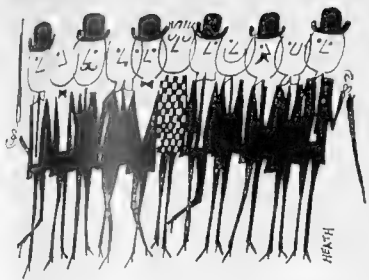
Those who waited to pay the full price for the 1961 models now receive an improved Velox or Cresta with an enlarged engine of 2,651 c.c. producing 94 horsepower, to give swifter acceleration and a higher maximum speed. The clutch is increased in size to handle the extra power, and the brakes are bigger, with wheels of larger diameter to make room for them. Style changes include smaller tail-lamps, new side mouldings and, for the Cresta, new anodized wheel discs. A ribbon-type speedometer indicates first in green, then in amber and finally in red in the dizzy region over 60 m.p.h.

The new Victors have a deeper rear window and numerous style changes, including a new grille and plated cappings for the headlamp cowls. There are also more resistant engine bearings, one of the benefits that come from extended motorway experience.

Among the changes we can expect is a switch to sealed-beam headlamps now that they are no longer made in England. The filament is sealed into a gas-filled unit comprising lens and glass reflector. It is thus much more expensive to replace than a conventional bulb, but one hopes it will last longer. Some cars will be using four of them in the American manner. There will also be new converts to the use of disc brakes on family saloons. We shall also see some interesting new station wagons based on saloon models which have been introduced during the past year or so.

VOLKSWAGEN X-RAYED. The car has an entirely new engine and gearbox, more luggage space in the bonnet, and flashing indicators. Top speed: about 72 m.p.h.





## MAN'S WORLD

Johnathon  
Radcliffe

PERHAPS as a reaction to being compelled to wear a cap throughout schooldays and then being clapped into some other kind of uniform headgear during National Service, this is a bareheaded generation. There was a time within the memory of plenty of people living when to go out without a hat was thought just rude (how could you raise it to a lady?). Today to go out with one is more likely to be thought individualist—at least among the young. You only have to look at the uncovered heads in any street change. The trilby is distinctly out of fashion. The pork-pie has gone. The boater is only for schoolboys and bowler surely (there is a 1 for summer uniform for and Guards). But observation, it seems, can be misleading. Statistics, which are to rely on, show a different picture.

disastrous slump after the immediate post-war years (the trade responded with the memorable "If you want to get ahead get a hat"), but now hats are selling faster than at any time since then. And, as in so many other trades, it is the under-thirties who have brought salvation. They have been persuaded by the Robin Hood (with its tailfin profile) and the Delta, a trilby derivative with turned-up sides. Largely through the appeal of these styles, sales so far this year are a third higher than this time last year, and there is a mood little short of jubilation among hatters when they discuss prospects.

Will this proved to be justified? Is the hat about to be readopted as a must article for men? Personally I see difficulties. After all, what is the point of a hat? Not only smartness, but warmth and shelter. And both warmth and shelter are taken care of for more and more men by their motorears, which provide them with a cosy fug and a roof over their

heads. Indeed, as cars get lower, the roof only just clears their heads and they couldn't wear a hat if they wanted to.

But it is just possible that the parking problem may have sartorial repercussions. After all, if a man has to leave his car 500 yards away from his office and then walk through the rain he may well see the advantage of keeping a hat in the car. Besides, the chances are that he can't use the car during the lunch hour, which may be another time to be glad of a hat. Similarly with the man who has given up coming into the city by car at all.

The weather is of course always an ally of the hatter among older men, who may not (so to speak) care to go bald-headed at it. Black versions of the Delta, serious and formal, are offered to tempt them away from the homburg, which is becoming distinctly dated. Lightweight tweed hats, neat complements to well-cut country suitings, are also pleasant for them to wear at weekends. But it is the attitude of the young that will decide the matter, and those who have not acquired the hat habit may well ask questions. For example, why aren't felt hats waterproofed so that they don't have to be carefully placed where they will dry without losing their shape? Must there always be a leather band inside that gets sticky with hair cream? Why not interchangeable hat ribbons?

Must there always be that absurd little bow to remind us that hats were once adjustable? And why not more adventure in colours?

Give the young contemporary approach and I feel confident that the hat will be back in a big way. It will be part of the unmistakable trend, which I welcome, towards



New lightweight summer hats are profuse this year. This one is off-white, in Irish linen, and can be worn as shown or porkpie fashion.

more dressing up. For a hat gives any man a head start in elegance.

Ahead of the crowd: Dobbs of New York are soon to have their famous hats (the Locks of America) on sale in London—at Simpson's, Piccadilly.



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## COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Albert Adair



IT IS WORTH WHILE TAKING TIME TO consider what the term "antiques" implies. For practical purposes the word embraces everything conceived and created by human application prior to the year 1830. From this vast assortment of the good, the bad and the indifferent the collector must try to find the works of art—those productions, whatever they may be, conceived by artists and created by craftsmen. It is only these that are worth consideration or purchase. Yet even with this qualification there is a great gulf between the fabulous pieces made regardless of cost for the great houses of England and the simpler, cheaper articles made for the middle classes of the period. These, while less ornate and more utilitarian, are none the less worthy of merit; they are the furnishing antiques which have so often been described in these notes.

It is time now to take a look at some of the furnishings of the great 18th-century palaces, pieces like the cabinet on a stand shown (*alongside*) in its open and closed positions. Now in the possession of Mallett & Son of Bond Street, it dates from the first decade of the 18th century

and is an exquisite example of the heights to which invention and art combined could rise at the command of the discriminating connoisseurs of the day. Admittedly its utilitarian value is low but for sheer beauty and craftsmanship it is quite unsurpassed. The outside of the cabinet is in scarlet lacquer overlaid with pierced gilt brass mounts. Shaped panels on the front, sides and top are of ivory lacquer, exquisitely decorated with figures and birds in a typically Oriental landscape. The hinges and locking plates are also of gilt brass and the panels inside and on the drawer fronts are of ivory lacquer with brilliant and variegated Chinoiserie decoration.

The stand (it is the original one) is of gilt gesso, carved in low relief, and is of comparable quality to the cabinet. Every detail is perfectly finished, from the beautifully shaped apron and scroll under-toes to the restrained decoration that contrasts so effectively with the unabashed grandeur of the cabinet itself. For my money—and most people's I imagine—this is a work of art. And as to be expected, a pretty expensive one.

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## DINING IN

Helen Burke

### You can't cook to rule

A WEEK OR TWO AGO I FOUND MYSELF at dinner with five men, and before you could say "knife" they were quizzing me about cooking. One of them—something of a gourmet and, I learned later, quite a good cook—complained bitterly about a certain cookery book he had tried to follow. "Never use any of those recipes," he advised. "They do not work. There is one which takes almost a day to complete and, when finished, it's nothing to write home about."

He went on to lambast cookery books in general because, he said, they did not tell enough. All were too vague. Neither their measurements nor their temperatures were exact—they were written by women who did not dot their "i's" or cross their "t's." I did not bother to tell him that cook-books written by

men were in the same category.

All of which means, I suppose, that writers of cookery books assume that those who read them know the basic facts—and "basic facts" in cookery, or rather "basic recipes," are usually dull.

This man's bitterest complaint, however, was that few books or cookery writers gave any indication about how long it took to prepare a meal, apart from the actual cooking times, and I think this grievance is legitimate. Preparation is bound up with personal efficiency. Automatically, one starts with the thing which will take the longest time to cook, and then proceeds with dishes which can be made in progressively less time, like a pyramid. All vegetables, for instance, can be prepared well in advance, so that

their final "putting together" is a last-minute job. If we leave the chopping of, say, parsley or chives to the moment either is required, a slight crisis results and one has only to have one or two other little time-lags for the whole meal to be thrown out of gear.

When deciding what to have for a meal, good planners try not to have too many dishes needing last-minute attention. In this respect the French housewife is very wise. She may serve soup, a main course with a separate vegetable one, then cheese and fruit. We in this country, with a sweet between the main course and the cheese, make things hard for ourselves.

Soup for a first course can be prepared at least an hour or so before it is required. Cheese and fruit take care of themselves, so that only the main course and the vegetables are left. Their times of preparation and cooking can be determined easily.

To return to my chief inquisitor, the gourmet-cook. He asked me, "Do you know the name of, and how to make, a chicken dish I once had in Munich? The bird must have been cooked in the first place, then jointed and the bones removed. From there on the pieces were dipped in Béchamel sauce, highly flavoured with garlic, and then fried."

I did not know this particular dish, but seeing that he had worked it out I wondered why he had not himself tried it? "Epigrammes of chicken, I would say," I told him, "much on the lines of epigrammes of lamb. For these, you cook a breast of lamb in water with mixed vegetables, remove the fat and bones and press the meat between two weighted plates. When cold, cut the meat into heart or other shapes, egg and breadcrumb them and fry them in deep fat—"

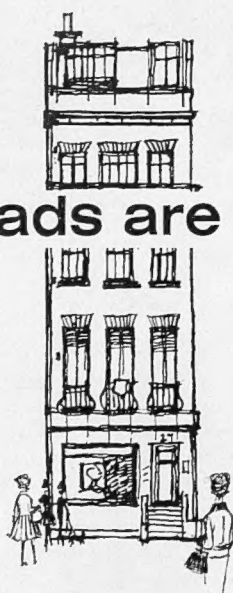
"But a Béchamel sauce?"

"On one occasion, during World War Two, when eggs were at a premium, I had these epigrammes with the pieces dipped in a thick white sauce, then breadcrumb and deep-fat fried—"

"But," said this man, "this sauce had garlic in it."

"Well," said I, "I would add garlic!"

And then we all laughed, because we suddenly realised that this man, cook though he was, wanted every little detail explained. That, perhaps, is the difference between men and women. If cookery books were less "vague," most of them would contain mere scores of recipes instead of the hundreds—even thousands—that they do. Something must be left to imagination or common sense.



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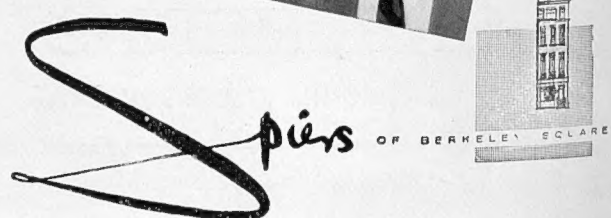
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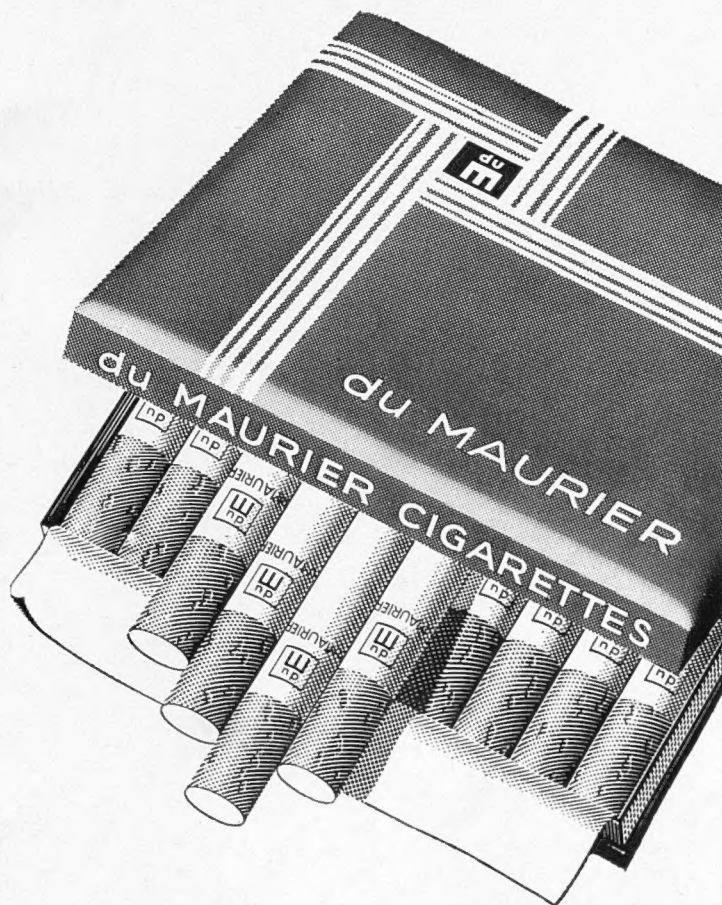
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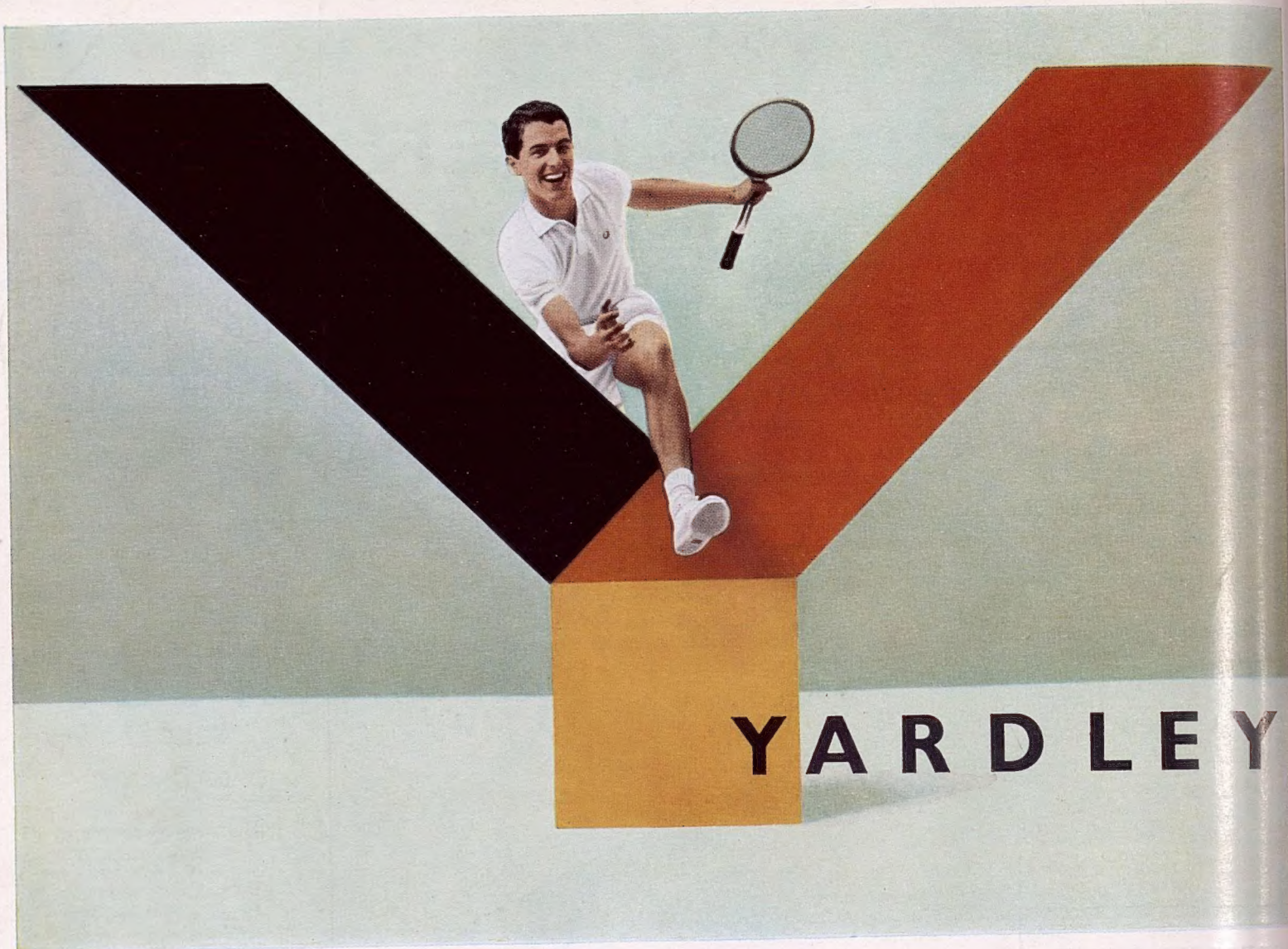
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